THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1896. No. 2.

THE UNIVERSE WITHIN.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Looking upon the surface of a perfectly clean, well-polished mirror, ordinary sight perceives nothing more than a reflection; but, however pure the atmosphere, there will soon appear a tiny particle of dust, settling down by gravity or attraction. The eye, untrained to such minuteness, does not at first focus this speck, but you finally become aware of a new element in the arena of perception. Apparently this something has come out of nothing; yet you know, by education and experience, that out of nothing nothing comes—the void is invariably barren. But you have perceived the "something," the trifle of substance, the infinitesimal particle of matter, and your perception is enough to establish the fact of its existence.

Whatever be the natural trend of your mind, whether toward emotionalism or realism, whether idealistic or realistic, whether toward belief in "things in themselves" or not, an irresistible compulsion demands acquiescence in the dogma of fact. Whether objective or subjective, perception has established the fact. How perception came is not the question; but the fact is established because it is a fact. The "something" is a function of relation; therefore it is. But to perceive it the eye needs to train its focus and develop its powers of vision.

Perhaps you use glasses. If so, put them on, readjust the focus, and look again at the speck of matter on the shining mirror; now you see it more distinctly. Procure an ordinary magnifying-glass and it appears to grow larger; view it with a simple microscope, first by lenses of small and afterward of continually increasing power, till at last, from one focal length to another—like saps gradually approaching a citadel, along the glacis of physical reality, swept by the artillery of ignorance—science, unable to effect entrance by a foray in force, advances step by step toward truth. At this (the modern) day in the great siege of that hitherto impregnable fortress, the scientist stands intrenched within the cover of his latest optical parallel; he views that redoubtable fortress, the particle of matter, through the great achromatic, compound solar microscope, magnifying hundreds of diameters. What was a speck in the focus of this wonderful instrument has become the segment of a mountain; " matter " has grown with the growth of the powers of vision.

Not alone in optical science do we find positive evidence of the right line of progress, but everywhere the same principle prevails. The ancient Phœnician astronomer, peering heavenward into his assumed spheres of azure crystal, found the seven planets eccentric wanderers of the sky, and the fixed stars nothing but twinkling points. The reverent Hebrews knew even less than their Egyptian masters, and when led forth by Moses took with them " out of the house of bondage " none of the lore of the Pyramid. They gazed into the overarching sky to find a firmament not dissimilar in substantial structure from that of the earth they trod. To them the stars were all alike—only lesser lights to rule the night; with the silver moon set overhead by the hand of a Jehovah constituted not unlike themselves.

Mark the advance of astronomical knowledge from the days of Hipparchus until now—ever a continuous procession, or, rather, a series of tacks as the craft of science forged slowly forward against the adverse wind of popular prejudice.

Copernicus and his changed system, Galileo and his telescope and revised version of the old faulty rendering of sense-impressions, Kepler and his laws, LaPlace and his ingenious hypothesis, the Herschels, Leverrier, and all the many heroes of the lens whose achievements have added new lustre to science—among all these mariners of the infinite ocean of blue space perhaps none have contributed more to the capabilities of man's eyesight than some of the very latest; for instance, that gallant crew of the bark of the stellar spectrum —Bunsen, Kirschoff, Augstrom, Secchi, Fraunhofer, and the rest—who have not simply made progress in latitude or longitude, but have actually brought the eye within sight of the very coast of heaven itself.

Even fifty years ago it would have been considered madness to say that a man, seated at ease in his observatory, could look billions of miles into the depths of space and tell confidently (better than a chemist in a laboratory) the chemical constituents of a fixed star, and whether that star were approaching or receding, and at what rate of progress. Yet the new science of spectroscopy actually does this. So has mankind advanced. Where the unaided senses failed science took up the burden and carried it onward. Physics faltered, unable to proceed further, and chemistry came to the rescue; and when at last chemistry also failed, mathematics opens wide the doors that the wizard chemist had only strength to push ajar.

Now, the same principles of progress which have been found so effectual in the universe without may be applied with equal confidence to the universe within. For the purpose of illustration we selected one especial particle of matter, finding by simple inspection one fact, salient and safe, and one principle to be relied upon; namely, that things are as they seem only when there has been established the proper ratio of sense-impression—the true relation between subjective and objective. But it was not long in our pursuit of knowledge before we reached, in the great compound microscope, the limit of the powers of physical science.

Are we, then, foiled for further research? In our speck of substance we found the slope of a material mountain. Where is the Alpine guide to conduct us up its steep sides, or even perhaps to a sunlit summit? His name is Spectroscopy. The guide which took us to the very verge of the periphery of space can now lead us, if not yet to the radiant peak, at least far up the height. Let us suppose the tiny particle to be composed of common table salt; do you know that if it were divided and subdivided even to the five-hundred-thousandth part of the smallest perceptible fragment:

$$\frac{\text{one milligramme}}{500{,}000}$$

—yet that molecular bit, if made incandescent, would send forth a semaphore signalling its meaning; and the sensitive spectroscope, by means of the characteristic Fraunhofer lines, would disclose to the eye the infallible sign and symbol of sodium. Such infinitesimal division of substance is not impracticable. Verniers and micrometers and all the delicate devices of modern science testify to such achievements.

Have we, then, reached our Alpine peak? Science is amused at the question. Reached it? Yes, in a flash; stood in fancy upon its heights for just an instant, and then on wings that were more than angelic soared upward into an atmosphere so serene and clear that at once the potent eye of thought revels in the grandeur of an apparently illimitable prospect. The speck of dust that one science made a mountain and another climbed, yet another has made an entire world! Still, there is a firmament unexplored. We are yet only pioneers on the confines of our Wonderland. Even the angel of the spectroscope folds its wings, confessing an inability to proceed further into the depths of space of this universe within.

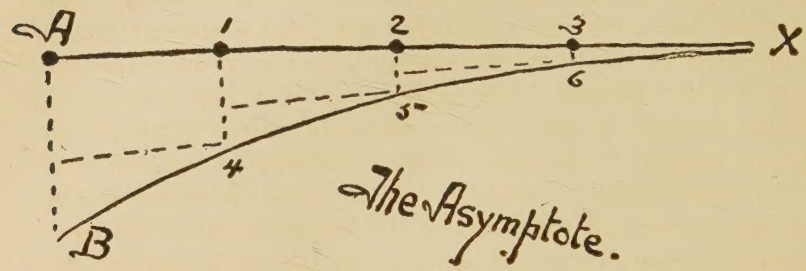
Like the captive in the cavern of the Arabian tale, we—shut up, entombed in a vast vault of flesh and sense—need only press the magic ring and summon an afrit more potent, more certain, more kindly, and more tangible than any spec-

tral genie who ever appeared in romance. Mathematics comes, that slave of the ring and of the lamp, ready day and night to serve his master. Like Aladdin, I tell him to take me further; and at once he stoops, folding his strong arms about me, and lifts my asking sense to such dizzy heights that the appalling abyss, the measureless chasm, daunts me with its infinite prospect. The speck that was a fragment, that physics made a mountain, that chemistry climbed, and spectroscopy made a world, the genius of Mathematics—the science of the relations of quantity—makes a universe!

There is room here for very extended dissertations, to whose mystification might be invited, as to a council of speculation, the countless hypotheses which active minds, groping in the wilderness of Guessland, have contrived or imagined for the escaped children of their thoughts. Hypothesis sometimes makes a good enough Moses to lead fancies in their wanderings, but the Joshua of fact can take thoughts across the Jordan into the land of reality. We might recount the results of theoretical investigation and dilate upon the erudite and remarkable ideas of that great philosopher, Boscovitch of Vienna, and even find place for his curve, with its alternate attractions and repulsions, maxima and minima; but such erudition and all similar attempts at reasoning are quite foreign to our purpose. We have no intention of surmising probabilities; our object is rather to state facts. Boscovitch's theory is sufficiently interesting, but centres of force without something for force to centre at are unthinkable. A skirmish line exists, but of what avail is it to sound the bugle-notes, " Rally on the reserve! " with no reserve to rally on?

The accompanying diagram of the Asymptote may serve to elucidate the proposition of the continuity of substance within the limits commonly called infinitesimal. The Asymptote is a right line, so drawn to a curve (that of the hyperbola) as continually to approach it and to become tangent to it at an infinite distance; these conditions being illustrated

in the diagram where the distance A—1, 1—2, 2—3, 3—X, ad infinitum, are equal, and those perpendicular (A—B, 1—4, 2—5, 3—6, etc.) a continually and forever diminishing ratio



in this form: A—B = 2 (1—4) = 4 (2—5) = 8 (3—6), ad infinitum.

Sense is only at the surface of things; above is a vast void where wings are needful; below, a fathomless sea into whose depths the stoutest swimmer sinks. At best, we who have found wings must now and then alight for rest; and if at times we dive below the surface, it is needful that, like the leviathan of the deep, we come up to breathe. But above are regions never winged by thought; below, abysses so vast as to cause the mind to falter at their contemplation; yet both are so sure and steadfast that none may even for a moment fly upward or plunge downward and not afterward feel an assurance never felt before that here is the region of reality, the country of substance, the home of fact.

It is the ancient paradox of the Cissoid of Diocles, and of Achilles and the tortoise. The right line of the Asymptote typifies the rigid formality of the law of necessity (Relation); the curve, in its continuity of change, represents the constant work of Action. That subtler symbol of the spirit, that holds the one and draws the other, fittingly portrays the Will—the volition of the All, which is in all, beneath all, above all, and is all. "Simple substances," so called, are varieties of relation, gradients of sense, or notes in the gamut of perception. None are elementary, except as all are functions of the final elements.

Let us stand for a moment in silence upon this peak in Darien, this narrow isthmus of what we call reality. Above, the domed sky dazzles our fancy with its immensity. We journey outward. In a moment the solid earth has flitted from beneath us; in the twinkling of an eye we have left the entire solar system; and, again, even that vast galaxy, of which our sun is only a lesser luminary, grows gradually to a dim cloud of brightness, indistinguishable in the universal void from countless nebulæ. So it is in the under-world. In our journey to the heart of the speck of matter we have formed conditions of the same character. We reached the periphery of the particle; then of the molecule, and finally of the atom. Indeed, we found in that mysterious universe that the words substance, matter, molecules, and atoms lost their significance. We advanced without action; we moved without motion; we grew without enlargement, and without becoming different we were changed.

Sense is confined within narrow limits, but to the soul there are neither boundaries nor limitations. Hence it is as far to the heart of an atom as to the outermost star upon the margin of space; but the soul centres all space in itself. Amid the fluctuations and mutations of the seeming, it alone remains—the one thing enduring. The kingdom of heaven is within.

As the power of perception increases the universe enlarges, till it finally becomes at home in the region of the infinite, the natural temple of the soul:

> "Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not—
> For why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal."

Like Columbus, we must find our Orient, not by peering skyward, but by looking inward; not by signs and symbols, except as these may serve for lights upon the headlands of continents and islands of thought, till at last we come to the ports of that delectable country whose coasts lie beyond the limits of the farthest star.

THE ART OF MIND-BUILDING.

BY PROFESSOR ELMER GATES.*

(*Part II.*)

"As my investigations and experiments in the art of mind-building are directly related to psychology, the reader may ask my definition of that term. Psychology is the science of mind. The word comes from the Greek 'psycho,' meaning soul. The earlier psychologists, being metaphysicians and none of them experimentalists, believed that in their speculations they were dealing with the faculties of the soul. Whether they were or not is not the question now under consideration. The art of mind-building and the art of mind-using, which I have evolved from the data of psychology, I have named 'psychurgy.'

"The experimentalist knows mind only as he finds it manifested in himself and in other living creatures. He believes that this entity cannot exist apart from structure. Mind, however, is not a function of the brain in the same sense as bile is a secretion of the liver. The functioning of the individual organism is but one factor of mind. A more important factor is the functional connection of the individual organism with the cosmic environment. Mind may be more than this, but at least it is this. I make no distinction between mind and soul. I do not attempt any definition of mind further than that it is the totality of the sub-conscious and conscious adaptive functions of the organism in interaction with the Cosmos.

* Director of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy, Washington, D.C. A personal interview, especially reported for THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, by George J. Manson.

"Modern psychology began within the last fifty years with Fechner, Helmholtz, Wundt, and their followers. They commenced to measure sensations and times of reaction, to study the effect of diseases upon the brain, and to make investigations of the cerebral cortex through electrical stimulations of those areas and through ablations and excisions thereof. As a result, we have physiological psychology, or psycho-physics.

"I shrank from vivisection and regarded the results of Horsley's and Monk's experiments upon brains as somewhat untrustworthy, because, when you remove a portion of the cortex (the outer line of gray matter which covers the cerebrum), you destroy the fibrous and the blood-vessel connections with other brain areas, producing a pathological but not a normal result. In the first part of this interview I described my experiments upon animals by a method which does not require vivisection and which does not produce diseased results.

"This brain-building process embodies a number of successive stages. The first stage consists in enregistering the sense impressions of all the senses, so as to produce sensation-structures. In the new nomenclature, cognizance of a sense impression is called 'sensation.' The conscious state which we call 'perceiving a sense impression' produces a chemical deposition of matter in the brain-cells, and each repetition of that sense-consciousness increases the amount of matter deposited, the result being a sense-memory structure. The refunctioning of that structure constitutes memory.

"As soon as all the sensation-structures have been formed in the brain, we can begin the second stage, which consists in causing the child to discriminate between the different sensations previously acquired and to associate them in consciousness, so as to produce what is called an integrant of the second order, or images, the units of which are the sensations of the first stage of brain-building. And so on through thirty or forty successive stages.

" This process can be applied up to the period of decrepitude, but it is probable that it can be fully realized only when commenced with infants; and, inasmuch as the germ-cell of the female is directly affected by the nutriment which it gets from the parents' blood, it follows that a proper course of living before conception will directly affect the development of the child. My experiments have demonstrated that every emotion of a false and disagreeable nature produces a poison in the blood and cell tissues. These poisons affect the health of the germ-cells. During pregnancy, life-depressing and unpleasant emotions — grief, anger, sorrow, etc. — will, through the poison generated, affect the development of the fœtus. For this and other reasons brain-building should properly begin a few months before conception.

" Out of these researches arose not only a method of mind-building, or mind-embodiment, but also the art of using the mind systematically in original thinking, which art may be subdivided as follows: (1) the art of systematic, originative, conscious mentation; (2) the art of systematic sub-conscious mentation; and (3) the art of systematic, originative, co-operative mentation. These arts lead to original thinking, invention, and discovery by a systematic training in the use of the intellectual, emotive, and conative lines of mentation, and in each of the mental faculties. The pupil desiring to discover new things in any science has his brain rebuilt with reference to that science. This is the first step. He is then taught whatever knowledge the human race has acquired concerning that subject, and to each of these data he is trained several hours a day, for a few years, to apply each one of his mental faculties.

" The rules of this art have been derived from many thousand experiments and observations, and by practical application to myself and pupils. Two men of equal knowledge may study the same phenomena and the same data, and one of them will evolve original ideas and make discoveries, while the other will add nothing to our knowledge of the subject.

Now, the mind art will enable the former to do better thinking, and will so train the latter to use his mind that he also will make discoveries and originate ideas. At present almost every organic and cosmic law of originative mentation is persistently violated by the investigator.

"With the sum of human knowledge in any science classified in the mind; with a rebuilt brain from which evil affections and emotions have been eliminated; and with proper regulation of the body and its surroundings, the pupil commences to practice the art of original thinking somewhat as follows: According to rules, which must be learned to be understood, he exercises every one of his thirty or forty mental functions upon each proposition or datum of the science, in order that each faculty may be active a certain number of hours every day. This produces brain-growth in those very parts of the brain which are needed to deal with that subject. As the new growth is acquired, day after day, the sub-conscious functions become stimulated, the cosmical inter-actions of the brain become more vivid, and new ideas dawn as suddenly as lightning illuminates a landscape. New congruities, incongruities, and generalizations are achieved, and, as a result, a re-classification of that knowledge must soon be made. Then the pupil again applies each mental function to each one of those data until he gets a new growth in those parts of the brain needed for the study of that particular subject. Six months' practice generally quadruples the mental capacity and more than quadruples the number of ideas gained each day. Such ideas must always be tested for truthfulness by observation and experiment in that domain of nature to which they relate.

"Then there is the art of regulating the sub-conscious mental functions. At least ninety-eight per cent. of our mental life is sub-conscious. If you try to remember what happened on your tenth birthday, it may be ten minutes before you can recall any incident. What occurs while you are trying to remember? Certainly not conscious

processes. The processes of memory are in the sub-conscious domain.

"If you will closely analyze your mental operations you will find that consciousness—conscious thinking—is never a continuous line of consciousness, but a series of conscious data with great intervals of sub-consciousness. We sit, trying to solve some problem, but fail. We rise, walk around, try again, and still fail. Suddenly an idea dawns which leads to the solution of the problem. The sub-conscious processes were at work. We do not volitionally create our thinking. It takes place in us. We are more or less passive recipients. We cannot change the nature of a thought or of a truth, but we can, as it were, guide the ship by moving the helm. Our mentation is most largely the result of the operation of the cosmic Whole upon us. Annihilate the Cosmos, and our thinking would instantly cease.

"Sub-conscious mentation is regulated by maintaining proper conditions of the body and its environment, i.e., the forces which affect the body. Co-operative mentation consists in a number of specialists applying the art of conscious mentation to the same subject at the same time. If all the great minds of the human race were trained in this mode of systematic mentation, and if they were to take for their subject the sum of human knowledge, they would achieve an interpretation of the universe which we may call philosophy, using the word as the synthesis of the generalizations of science. The result of each day would be a stepping-stone for the next. And if such minds, trained in these arts of originative mentation, were thus to deal with the whole scope of human knowledge systematically, they would continually eliminate former errors and constantly add new insights and new discoveries to their interpretation of the universe.

"Such a perpetual, re-organized philosophy I have called 'omnism.' This philosophy is the highest generalization that can at any time be achieved by a number of the ablest minds practising co-operative mentation upon the sum of human

knowledge. It is not realism, nor idealism, nor monism. It is, of course, a synthesis of all philosophies and branches of knowledge by specially constructed brains, acting according to systematic methods of mentation which begin by eliminating the immoralities in the mind. Such a philosophy could never become a fixed creed or belief."

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—See Professor Gates's communication, "Old and New Phrenology," on page 154 of this issue.—ED.

KRISHNA'S TEACHING ON KARMA.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON, M.R.A.S.*

I. Works and Wisdom.

Thy right is only to the work, never to its fruit. Let not the fruit of the work be thy motive; yet desire not to abstain from work.

Perform works standing in union, putting desire away; be equal in success or failure, for equal-mindedness is union.

Work is far lower than union in wisdom; seek refuge in wisdom, for pitiful are those whose motive is the fruit.

He who has reached union in wisdom gives up even here all things done ill or well; strive, therefore, after union. Union is well-being in works.

For the wise who have found union in wisdom, giving up the fruit born of works, set quite free from the bond of birth, go to the goal where no sorrow dwells.†

II. The Works of the Law.

[*Arjuna speaks:*]

If wisdom is esteemed by thee higher than work, why then dost thou engage me in a terrible work?

It is as though thou deludest my thought with confused speech; tell me, then, clearly the one thing whereby I may gain the better way.

[*Krishna speaks:*]

In this world, a twofold rule was of old laid down by me: by union through wisdom for the Sankhyas, by union through works for the Yogins.

* Translated from the original Sanskrit for THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

† Bhagavad Gita: ii., 47–51.

Not by not undertaking works does a man reach freedom from works; nor by renouncing them does he gain adeptship.

For no one ever remains even for a moment without performing works, involuntarily, through the potencies born of nature.

He who, though restraining the works of the senses, yet broods on objects of sense—such a man is called a false ascetic; his very self is delusion.

But he who, compelling the senses to restraint by the mind, without desire in the senses, enters upon union through works—he, verily, is superior.

Do thou perform work thus restrained, for work is better than abstinence from work; and even the progress of thy body may not succeed without work.

This world is under the bondage of work, except work that is done for sacrifice; therefore perform work, free from desire.

[The Lord of beings, of old sending forth beings with sacrifice, spoke thus: Be ye fruitful through this; may ye milk from this whatever you desire.

Nourish ye the gods by this, and may the gods nourish you; thus mutually nourished, ye shall gain the better way.

For the gods, nourished by sacrifice, will give you the feasts that you desire; he who feasts on what they give without giving to them—the same, verily, is a robber.

They who eat the leavings of the sacrifice are freed from all their sins. They eat sin who, sinful, cook for themselves alone.

From food, beings grow; from rain is the birth of food; from sacrifice comes rain, and sacrifice is born of works.

Know that works are born from the Evolver, and that the Evolver is born from the Incorruptible; therefore, the all-present Eternal is ever present in the sacrifice.

He who does not roll on the wheel set rolling here, sinful in life, of sensual delights, lives in vain.]

But he who delights in the Self, content with the Self,

among the sons of men, and altogether satisfied with the Self—for him no duty remains.

He has no object in doing anything, or in leaving aught undone. Nor among all beings is there any from whom he has aught to seek.

Therefore, do whatever works are to be done, without desire; for the man who performs work, without desire, gains the Supreme.

For Janaka and other sages reached adeptship through work; and yet again, looking to the host of the people, deem it right to perform work.

For whatever the best does, the lesser folk also do; whatever example he sets, that the world follows.

For me nothing remains to do, in the three worlds—nothing ungained to gain; yet I take part in work.

For if I ceased to take part in work persistently, as men everywhere follow after my way,

These worlds would fall into ruins, were I not to perform work; and I should be a worker of confusion, and should slay these beings.

As the unwise perform works with the desire for them, so the wise should perform them without desire, working for the host of the people.

Let him not cause a division of thought among the unwise who have desire in their works; let the wise man who has gained union engage them in all works, himself performing them.

Works are everywhere done by the potencies of nature; he is perfectly deluded by the personal idea who thinks, "I am the performer of works!"

He who knows the reality as to the division of potencies and works is free from desire, knowing that the potencies move in the potencies.

They who are deluded by the potencies of nature are engaged by desire in the works of the potencies; he who knows all will not disturb the backward ones who know not all.

Renouncing all works in me, through the thought of the higher Self, without longing or sense of possession engage in work, without feverish hope.

They who, among the sons of men, ever follow this mind of mine, in faith and without reviling, are set free through works.

But they who, reviling, follow not this mind of mine, know that they are destroyed, thoughtless and deluded as to all wisdom.

Even he who possesses wisdom strives according to his own nature. All creatures follow nature; what can restraint avail?

In the sensual objects of the senses dwell lust and hate; let a man not come under their sway, for they lie in wait for him on his path.

Better his own duty, without power, than the duty of another well performed. Death in his own duty is better; the duty of another brings fear.*

The Way of Wisdom.

Whoever knows my divine birth and work in reality, leaving the body, he goes not to rebirth, but to me.

Rid of rage and fear and wrath, full of me, seeking refuge in me, many purified by the fervor of wisdom have come to my being.

According as they approach me, so, verily, do I love them; men follow after my path in every way.

Desiring the success of their works, men worship the gods here; for quickly is success born of works in the world of men.

The system of Four Castes was formed by me according to difference of power and work. Know me also as the doer of this, though no doer and eternal.

"Works stain me not, nor do I long for the fruit of works;" he who knows me thus is not bound by works.

With this knowledge, works were performed by those

* Bhagavad Gita: iii., 1–35.

of old who sought liberation; perform thou, therefore, the work performed before by those of old who longed to be free.

What is work, and what is abstinence from work? Even sages have been deluded in this. That work I shall declare to thee by knowledge of which thou shalt be freed from evil.

Insight is to be gained in works, in avoidance of works, and in abstinence from works; the way of works is obscure.

He who sees abstinence from work in work, and work in abstinence from work—he indeed is wise among men; he has gained union and performed all works.

He whose undertakings are all free from desire and personal will—him the wise call a sage, whose works have been burned up by the fire of wisdom.

Giving up desire for the fruit of works, ever contented, seeking nothing—he performs no work, even though completely involved in work.

Free from longing, with imagination perfectly controlled, with every grasping desire given up, performing works only outwardly, with the body, he incurs no sin.

Satisfied with whatever he receives, risen above alternations of mood, not envious, equal in success and failure, even when performing works, he is not bound.

Of him whose desire is gone, who is free, whose thought is set in wisdom, who acts only for sacrifice—his works are dissolved away altogether.

The Eternal is the offering, the Eternal is the libation, the Eternal is the fire, the Eternal is the sacrifice. By him also the Eternal is to be approached, who performs works intent upon the Eternal.

Some who seek for union offer sacrifice to the gods; others sacrifice by an offering in the fire of the Eternal.

Some offer hearing and the other senses in the fires of self-control; others offer sound and other sense-objects in the fires of the senses.

Yet others offer all works of the senses and works of

vitality, in the fire of union with the Self, through control, which is lighted by wisdom.

There are sacrificers of wealth, sacrificers by penance, sacrificers through search for union, sacrificers through study and knowledge, ascetics faithful to their vows.

Others offer the downward breath in the forward breath, the forward breath in the downward breath; checking the goings of downward breath and forward breath, proficients in the art of breath-restraint.

Others, abstaining from food, sacrifice the life-breaths in the life-breaths. All these are knowers of sacrifice, whose darkness is worn away by sacrifice.

The eaters of the deathless leavings of the sacrifice go to the Eternal. Not even this world belongs to those who sacrifice not: how can they inherit the other?

Thus many modes of sacrifice are expanded in the mouth of the Evolver; know them all as born of works, and, knowing this, thou shalt be free.

The sacrifice of knowledge is better than the sacrifice of wealth; each and every work is comprehended in wisdom.

Find wisdom through obedience, questioning, and service; the wise who know the real will teach thee wisdom.

Gaining wisdom, thou shalt not again enter delusion; through wisdom thou shalt behold all beings, without residue, in the Self, and so in me.

Even if of all sinners thou art the most sinful, thou shalt cross over evil on the raft of perfect knowledge.

As the fire that is kindled burns the wood to ashes, so the fire of wisdom burns to ashes all works.

Nor is any purifier seen here equal to wisdom; he who has gained perfect union himself will find this in the Self in due time.

The faithful gains wisdom, intent on it, with senses restrained; gaining wisdom, after not a long time he enters into perfect peace.

He who is unwise, unfaithful, ever doubting, perishes;

neither this world nor the other, nor happiness, belongs to him who doubts.

Works bind not him who has renounced works through wisdom; his doubts are cut by wisdom, full of the Self.

Therefore, cutting the doubt born of unwisdom with the sword of knowledge of the Self, enter into union and rise up.*

[*Arjuna speaks:*]

Thou praisest renunciation of works, also union, Krishna; tell me clearly which of these two is best.

[*Krishna speaks:*]

Renunciation and union through works are both bringers of the supreme good; yet, of these two, union through works is better than renunciation of works.

He is to be known as the perfect master of renunciation who neither hates nor desires, for he who is free from alternations of mood is perfectly freed from bondage.

Children, not the learned, speak of Sankhya and Yoga as different; he who stands firm in one gains the fruit of both.

The goal that is gained by the Sankhyas is reached also by the Yogas; he who looks on Sankhya and Yoga as one—he indeed sees.

But renunciation is hard to gain without union; the sage who is perfected in union after not a long time gains the Eternal.

He who is perfected in union, whose self is pure, who has conquered self and the senses, whose Self is blended with the Self of all beings, even performing works, is not stained.

He who has reached union, who knows the real, thinks it is not I who performs any work, whether seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting, walking, sleeping, breathing,

Speaking, putting away, taking, opening and shutting his eyes: he feels only that the powers are pursuing their objects.

He who, laying all works on the Eternal, performs works,

* Bhagavad Gita: iv.

putting desire away, is not stained by sin, as the lotus-leaf by water.

They who seek union perform works, with body, mind, thought, and senses kept pure, putting desire away, for the purity of Self.

He who has gained union, giving up the fruit of works, wins perfect peace where there is no desire; he who has not gained union is bound because of lust, through desire for the fruit.

The lord of the body, renouncing all works in his mind, dwells perfect in self-rule, in the nine-doored dwelling, neither performing works nor causing them to be performed.

The Lord forms neither the actorship nor the works of the world, nor the union of works and fruit; but the Self-existent works on.*

The renunciation of works enjoined is wrong; this abandonment through delusion belongs to darkness.

He who abandons work through fear of bodily weariness, saying, "This is painful"—he, performing renunciation full of desire, gains not the fruit of renunciation.

Whatever work enjoined is done, with the thought, "This should be done," putting desire and fruit aside—this is renunciation full of goodness.

He who has truly renounced hates not a bitter work nor desires a sweet one; he is a sage perfected in goodness, his doubts all cut.

For he who wears a body cannot put away works without residue, but he who has given up the fruit of works has accomplished renunciation.

The fruit of actions is of three kinds—desired, undesired, and mixed—for those who have not renounced, on leaving this world; but not for those who have renounced.

Learn from me these five causes of the accomplishment of all works, as they are declared in the Sankhya teaching:

The field of work, the worker, the working in various

* Bhagavad Gita: v., 1–14.

ways, the various and separate endeavors, and, fifthly, universal law.

Whatever work a man undertakes, by body, speech, and mind, whether just or not, these five are the causes of it.

Since this is so, whoever looks on the pure Self as the worker, through fault of thought, sees not truly, and his belief is false.

He who is free from the personal idea, whose thought is not implicated, even though he slay all these worlds, slays not, nor is bound.

The division into knowing, known, and knower is the threefold mover of works. The division into working, work, and worker is the threefold complex of work.

Hear, now, how the knowing, the work, and the worker are classed in the enumeration of the three potencies, according to the division of the three potencies.

The knowledge by which one incorruptible Being is perceived in all beings, undivided in things divided—know that this is the knowledge belonging to goodness.

But the knowledge which, through the sense of separateness, sees various beings of separate essence in all beings —know that this is the knowledge belonging to force.

But the knowledge which is wholly taken up with one object, unreasonable, false, limited—know that to be the knowledge belonging to darkness.

The work that is performed with perfect control, free from desire, without lust or hate, without desire for its fruit —know that to be the work belonging to goodness.

But the work that is performed with desire and lust, and under the dominion of the personal idea, with abundant effort —know that to be the work belonging to force.

And the work that is performed without regard to consequences, loss, injury, humanity, through sheer delusion—know that to be the work belonging to darkness.

And he who is free from desire, free from the personal idea, full of firmness and endurance, unchanged by success or failure—know him to be a worker ruled by goodness.

He who is lustful, longing for the fruit of his work, greedy, hurtful, impure, given to exulting and grieving—know him to be a worker ruled by force.

But he who has no union, material, stubborn, deceitful, slothful, idle, desponding, procrastinating—know him to be a worker ruled by darkness.*

IV. Works and Caste.

The works of Brahman, warrior, merchant, and serf, were assigned by the potencies engendered by the Self-being.

Peace, control, fervor, purity, endurance, uprightness, wisdom, knowledge, affirmation—this is the work of the Brahman, assigned by the Self-being.

Heroism, radiance, firmness, skill, steadfastness in battle, liberality, masterfulness—this is the work of the warrior, assigned by the Self-being.

Agriculture and commerce are the duties of the merchant, and service is the duty of serfs, assigned by the Self-being.

A man who is devoted to his own work attains perfect success; learn now how he attains success by devotion to his work.

Worshipping Him from whom all these beings came, and by whom this universe was spread forth, and by doing his own work, a son of man finds success.

Better is one's own duty without power than the duty of another well performed; performing the work that is enjoined by the Self-being, he incurs no sin.

Let him not give up his congenital work, even though it be faulty; there is no undertaking without fault, as there is no flame without smoke.

He whose thought is without desire, ever self-conquered, free from longing, reaches perfectly consummated freedom from works through renunciation.†

* Bhagavad Gita : xviii., 7–28. † *Ibid.*, xviii., 41–48.

TYRANNY OF INTELLECTUAL SHREWDNESS.

BY REUBEN BRIGGS DAVENPORT.

Various races of mankind have expended a great amount of energy, blood, and treasure to free themselves from physical despotism. The great impulse to this end began thousands of years ago, at first as a simple reaction from the stronger movements of the early stages of civilization and against the forced concentration of civil powers by military domination and the consequent timid relinquishment of individual rights. It seemed at times that such concentration of force and authority was necessary to accelerate the world's advance along certain lines of development. Whether the world might not have been better off to have gone more slowly in certain directions is another question. Real civilization cannot but tend toward enlightened liberty. All other forms of culture are hollow, deceptive, and vain. The most pronounced steps toward a robust intellectual advancement have been coincident with or in consequence of great impulses of popular self-assertion. All other refinements have been abnormal, corrupt, and weak, in due time crumbling into nothingness. Intellectual advancement of the robust kind—that which makes a lasting impression on the general character of humanity—seems to be valuable and durable in proportion to its degree of freedom from needless physical restraint.

The intermediate movements of political as well as philosophic thought are comparable to the waves of the ocean or the swinging of a pendulum. The absolute or extreme in practice is fatal to theory. Saint Paul merely put this truth in another form when he wrote to those of the church at Corinth that " the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Mankind is easily infatuated. It almost stubbornly follows one line of thought, belief, or action, even after it has ceased to be essential to its well-being, indeed though such action may never have been either essential or compatible. When the more forward nations of the modern world overthrew and trampled upon absolute monarchy, they became enamored of the idea that absence of undue physical restraint and the presence of a strong, constantly directed arm to maintain perfect civic tranquillity were the only conditions necessary to absolute civic joy and contentment. They fondly fancied that in abolishing physical tyranny they freed themselves.

But few political or social reformers have made distinct the truth that physical tyranny, while first established by mere brute force, prompted by stronger will or resolution, has never been long continued without the aid of superior cunning or astuteness. Physical tyranny has never been so dangerous by reason of mere brutish domination as it has been when the refinements of a powerful intellectual support were behind it. Generally, brute force has been easily kept in subserviency by superior talent for planning, management, or intrigue. The experience of mankind shows conclusively that this kind of ability is more to be feared than any other. In these modern days there is no oppression that can be well established except upon such a foundation.

Social tyranny of the purely brutal type, therefore, no longer exists; it never existed, in fact, except perhaps in the very earliest ages of human government, when the ability to use the intellect in the most effective ways had not been developed. A creative, directing, moving, initial force, of an importance far transcending that of mere brute power, must be recognized. The mind that conceives and builds a modern printing-press is not superseded in dignity and rank by the machine itself. The instruments of tyranny to-day, in an ostensibly free country, are bad laws and imperfect institutions, with power lodged in the hands of selfish money-getters and sordid speculators, or abandoned to despicable but dan-

gerous demagogues. These mask a despotic force—the selfish ambition of perverted intelligence.

How different is this, in the last analysis, from the physical tyranny of the feudal ages? The instruments employed in modern oppression may be said to be, in the conventional sense of the word, more orderly; so, in the light of that age, were the means taken to enforce the conditions of vassalage. Even piracy and brigandage have had at times governmental sanction. The infamy attached to these occupations was far less two hundred years ago than it is now. Our opinions are more largely conventional than we habitually think, or would often care to acknowledge. Relative conditions mainly determine them, except for those accustomed to abstract thought or to the exercise of the logical powers. To-day it is hardly ever admitted that there can be any palliation for crimes of violence.

What is violence? In the legal and philosophic sense it is something more than that which is done with impetuosity, unusual energy, or vehemence: it is the wrongful exercise of force. Statutory administration may do violence to exact justice in the abstract. It often does. The orderly system of society may do violence to perfect social order. Why is it worse for a man's goods to be seized by outlaws than taken by civil process, judicial procedure, or administrative formula, which cannot be evaded because entrenched in the deluded tolerance of the majority? The only possible advantage in the civic method is that the act of unjust distraint is not accompanied by immediate personal danger, though it may lead, directly or indirectly, to great misery, even loss of life; but there are considerations which may offset this in a measure. With proper precautions, the robbers of the highway might be avoided or defeated. With the object of saving his own life, the person waylaid might take his choice of recourse either to bravery or to discretion, as "the better part of valor." There is no such alternative for the victims of socially-sanctioned robbery. "Nothing is sure," it is said, "but

death and taxes;" and in the latter, thus considered, the idea of the certainty of governmental power to enforce tribute is symbolically embodied. Quite as certain, so long as the existing system continues, is the ability of great private corporations to extort excessive profits from the people. And equally secure, so long as just political ethics is not more generally understood and observed, is the despotic power which rests on the privileged sequestration of land.

Brute force, then, is not to be continuously feared, except as an instrument of the intellect. By reason of the very constitution of man, tyranny has become merely the supremacy of selfishness. The conditions that permit of this domination constitute the gravest disease of society. The overthrow of political despotism in some of the more advanced countries of Europe was a distinct victory of the higher intelligence. But political philosophy did not then clearly recognize the truth that, if given absolute liberty, intellectual as well as physical force can prove oppressive. All authority, of course, must rest ultimately upon the power to enforce it. This power, as already implied, is not so much the physical energy of the people as their intellectual force. In the State alone was recognized the ultimate right to command this energy as an instrument. Theoretically, the State can do no wrong, thus being heir to "the divine right of kings." Carrying this theory to its logical conclusion, the State alone has the right to obtain a desired end by violence, fraud, or stealth. In contests with other States, it unblushingly exercised this right. The limits of international aggression or infringement were only fixed by the relative strength of a nation or the quality of its political conscience, which is usually determined solely by considerations of expediency. Within that circumscription each nation did as it pleased.

For the individual subject, each nation fixed its own circle of restraint. Until modern times there has never been any question of interference from without with the power of an independent government over its subjects. The question

has not been raised except in the general cause of humanity, and I do not know that it has ever been formally accepted as a proper feature of international law or comity. The occasions when such interference is at all permissible, in the light of the few precedents that exist, are stated by authorities to be extremely rare. In the same way, a broad circle of potentiality has been left around the individual by each nation. Theoretically, the majority of nations confine their laws of penal inhibition to acts of physical violence, fraud, stealth, or degradation. Injustice that cannot be classed under any of these heads is not catalogued as a felony. At the worst, it is named a misdemeanor, being more frequently relegated to the civil courts to be mildly dealt with upon the suit of the offended individual.

There is a vast amount of injustice which existing systems of merely subsidiary law do not affect, and which in any event no such system can ever radically correct. Its existence is due to the artificial basis on which the government of society rests, and it can only be corrected by the development of partial into complete justice. The great body of injustice in the civilized world is dependent on the relations of physical with intellectual force: not, as the majority of writers assert, upon the relations of labor and capital. Such use of the word "capital" is of vague and disputed meaning. Capital is not a force in itself. It is by energy alone that the equations of social economy are determined—the energy of thought, and the energy of matter as directed or utilized by thought. Inert, passive, or dormant elements cannot be considered factors. They are simply means, or instruments. Emulation, rivalry, and competition are natural tendencies of human nature, springing from ambition, whose root is selfishness. Ambition is not of itself an evil; it rather contributes to the health of the social body, so long as it is not developed to the degree of infringement upon the natural rights of men. But existing social systems admit of this excessive development and frequently stimulate it.

The natural rights of every man are fourfold: First, an equal share in the ownership of the earth; second, liberty of action which does not interfere with the rights of others; third, equal protection with all other citizens under the same social system; fourth, a just share of the products of his own labor. Great as has been the advance of mankind, the majority of men do not enjoy these natural rights. The simplest train of reasoning establishes the fact that the private tenure of land, on any other basis than the payment of its rental value to the State—society as a whole—is in violation of natural law. Herbert Spencer, in his early philosophical work, "Social Statics," set forth this truth with a strength and clearness which even he himself could not refute in later years, when personal interest apparently swerved him from the straight and narrow path of honest logic. All intelligent social and political philosophers accept the second, third, and fourth propositions as the fundamental principles in their systems. They give varied definitions, however, of the individual's relative rights; of what constitutes equality in civic protection, and of the method for an absolutely just division of the products of labor.

Henry George holds that the restoration of land tenure to society as a whole, and the consequent collection of proper rents from land for the use of the State, would radically influence the correction of other social injustices. But the individual appropriation of land is only one phase of the dominating intelligence which is bent most strongly upon and is best adapted to the gaining of selfish advantage. In attacking only the branches of this despotism, however important they may be (and I acknowledge that the private tenure of land may well be the most important, as it is the farthest reaching), we would, even if we succeeded in our immediate design, leave yet undone the larger work of extirpating the root and trunk of the evil.

All the injustices characteristic of the present social state arose primarily from the undue license given to the intellect,

or to the will instructed thereby. The jarring of selfishness in individuals must have begun with the earliest social organization. The gregariousness of the human race naturally led to a conflict of desires. Even in merely dual contentions, the advantage of cunning and of mental control over physical impulses quickly manifested itself. Judging by instances of actual observation, there can be no doubt that many an opponent, physically strong though lacking astuteness, has been worsted by one strong only in cunning or prompt ingenuity. Justice was no more considered in such conflicts than in still earlier ages, when man, with barely nascent intelligence, first fought his fellow. The moment battle between larger numbers began, the field was greater for the play and use of mentality and a certain kind of superior intelligence. A fighter who constituted himself a leader, by tact, diplomacy, or address, could fix his influence upon other fighting men and gain alliances which would largely increase his chance of success in battle and sometimes render him invincible. Then, again, the clever use of the prestige of one victory not only served frequently to draw other individuals to his side, but injured his opponent's chances through the effect of anxiety and apprehension.

This is an epitome of all military despotisms. The older and more extensive these despotisms became, the more was the intellect employed to control the material means of domination. The saying attributed to Napoleon, that "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," carries with it the tacit qualification: "other things being equal." The Corsican soldier meant that God is on the side of the heaviest artillery provided that that side is not handicapped by too great a lack of intelligence. Napoleon himself often illustrated the fact that superior generalship may count for much more than superior physical force. Monarchical statecraft, which is really the science of using force to the cleverest advantage, is only another and higher stage of this development.

(*To be continued.*)

BEYOND THE ILLUSIONS OF SENSE.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The mind that has penetrated beyond the illusions of sense knows that matter is an appearance, an effect upon our consciousness of a Reality underlying the phenomena. What we know as objects are representations, mental in their nature, corresponding with but not images of external things.

Helmholtz, referring to erect vision, says that it has only the psychological interest "of showing how difficult it is, even for men of considerable scientific capacity, to make up their minds truly to recognize the subjective element in sense perceptions; and to see in them effects of objects, instead of unaltered copies (sit venia verbo) of objects, which latter notion is altogether contradictory." How do we see objects erect when their pictures on the retina of the eye are inverted? The mind perceives the sensations excited by the inverted retinal image, but not the image itself.

Our entire world is the product of two factors—our consciousness and the objective reality. From the connection of sensations and ideas we may infer a connection of things outside of us, but we cannot logically infer any resemblance between the internal and external orders. We know matter as a congeries of qualities. These are psychical in their character. A rose has qualities which, given the senses of sight and smell, cause the sensations known as colors and fragrance. The rose possesses properties which so affect our consciousness as to produce these sensations. Color and fragrance are terms which describe the sensations; but what the rose is, independently of our consciousness, we do not know.

The existence of color depends upon a sensitive retina and ethereal vibrations. Sound depends upon the auditory

nerve and atmospheric waves. Outside of consciousness neither exists. The sweetness of an orange and the sourness of a lemon are the sensations which these objects cause within us. The orange tastes sweet; in other words, there is something called an orange which affects us as being round and yellow, and which, through the sense of taste, causes a sensation of sweetness. What there is in the orange which corresponds to our sensations we do not know.

In the hardness of a stone we find the sensation of resistance; therefore we say that it feels hard. We change the adjective, which describes a feeling, or conscious state, to an abstract noun—hardness; and then, in our simplicity, we imagine that " hardness " describes the stone, instead of realizing that it describes only the state of consciousness produced thereby. For another illustration, take heat. The illusion is the same. Heat is a sensation, not an objective thing. To say that " heat is a mode of motion " is true only of the objective factor, i.e., that with which physics has to deal. To say that " sound travels " is true only of the objective factor, viz., atmospheric vibrations.

I am not here defining the objective factors in their last analysis, nor into what they are resolvable, but indicating that what materialism assumes to be external to us, and the cause of mind, are in fact states of consciousness in which there is nothing material; that, on the contrary, the qualities which at first appear to be the properties of inanimate substances belong to consciousness and are psychical in their nature.

Sense interpretation of the external world is a phenomenal manifestation and a symbolical representation of an order of being which is unpicturable and inscrutable; that is, unrepresentable in terms of human consciousness. That distinguished physiologist, Dr. Maudsley, who has no admiration for idealistic or transcendental theories, is compelled to admit:

" After all, the world which we apprehend when we are awake may have as little resemblance or relation to the external world, of which we can have

no manner of apprehension through our senses, as the dream world has to that with which our senses make us acquainted; nay, perhaps less, since there is some resemblance in the latter case, and there may be none whatever in the former. The external world, as it is in itself, may not be in the least what we conceive it through our forms of perception and models of thought. No prior experience of it has ever been so much as possible; therefore the analogy of the dreamer is altogether defective in that respect."

What is the Ultimate Reality—the basis of all phenomena—which man has invested with his own states of consciousness? Forced by logic to divest the objective world of material qualities, we cannot regard it, in its ultimate nature, as material unless we reinvest it with the qualities demonstrated as belonging to consciousness and disregard the elementary facts of modern psychology. We must decide whether the cause or basis of all phenomena is inscrutable, or whether it is psychical. If the cause be considered as psychical, is it necessary to regard it as a personality, in the sense of a Being having an existence distinct from everything else, located in space, limited in time, and subject to the influence of environment? Such a personality would be rather a product than the basis of all things; and as a cause of permeating influence, quite incommensurate with the infinity of being. "A personal God is not thinkable, consistently with philosophic ideas," says Fichte. "Belief in the personality of God is a theological cramp," says Emerson. We must either decline to attribute to God personality, or give to the word a larger meaning than it usually connotes.

Man, with his intelligence and his moral and religious nature, the outcome of millions of years of cosmic activity, is the flower of evolution on this planet, the highest development known; therefore, may we not infer that the energizing and controlling force of the universe, though inconceivable under the limitations of sense and form, is somewhat akin thereto? Since matter, which at first sight seems the one enduring, everlasting existence, is shown by science to be but an appearance of an invisible reality; since this reality is psychical in its effect; since the same energy, which is

displayed objectively as matter and motion, " wells up " in us, as Spencer says, in consciousness and thought, may we not say that the controlling Power, the Reality which philosophy is compelled to postulate, is psychical in its nature? That it has any resemblance to our finite, sense-imprisoned intelligence—that we can comprehend it or define it in words inadequate to describe even ourselves or the simplest objects—cannot be claimed, of course; but is it not in consonance with reason to hold that in some way, which our limitations do not allow us to grasp, the noblest and best that evolution has produced—the human mind—gives the most correct idea of the nature of the Power in which we move and live, and of which we may regard ourselves essentially as " atoms " or " sparks "?

Intelligence, as known to us, has a genesis and a growth. It implies an environment; it is built up by personal experiences; it is associated with form, which is circumscribed; it has distinct powers, like reason—by which comparisons are formed, conclusions reached, and knowledge gained—and imagination, by which scenes and events distant in time and space are vividly conceived: yet all these qualities, by their very nature, are finite. Therefore, the word " intelligence " does not help us to describe or to imagine that which is without growth and the Cause of all growth; that which has no environment, and of which all forms and conditions revealed in consciousness are manifestations; that which is without limit in time or space; that which is unconditional, infinite, and eternal.

Since we are mentally incapacitated to think beyond the conditions and limitations of the finite or relative, and since, in describing the Ultimate Reality, we must use inadequate words, divested of their real meaning and made to stand for some vague, confused, irreconcilable conception, is it not as well to refrain from attempting the impossible—the precise definition and description of God? If, however, our words convey no adequate or correct idea of the " Eternal Energy,"

it does not follow that it is anything less than these words imply. Indeed, intelligence and personality have been evolved by the Power back of evolution; then why should it not be thought greater than they? Matthew Arnold spoke of it as "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Certainly the tendency and trend of things have been, through the millions of years of the world's existence, toward the better and the higher. This process of development was going on when there was no human eye to see and no human heart to feel; when there were even none of the "lower creatures;" when there was not so much as a fern or lichen in all the earth; when, indeed, even the conditions of life had not yet appeared, and could not appear for a period unimaginable by the human mind. The Universal Power which evolved the ever ascending forms of life, and brought into existence the brain and heart of man, is so great that it transcends all forms of distinct thought, and cannot be described by analogies and comparisons which relate to limited, finite forms and faculties. Though ignorance can be expressed, there are no adequate words to define ideas.

But of this we may feel assured: The Reality, though unknowable in its ultimate nature, is a Cause the effects of which on human consciousness are knowable as phenomena. What is "manifested beyond consciousness, under the forms of matter and motion, is the same as that which, in consciousness, is manifested as feeling and thought." Our conceptions of it are but symbolic representations—the x's and y's of algebra, which represent the unknown quantity in an indeterminate equation. This problem the human mind cannot solve because it has no formula for describing Absolute Being in terms of relative existence. While, as Lange says, "the ancient materialism, with its main belief in the sensible world, is done for," theological affirmations, in dogmas and creeds, regarding the attributes and purposes of God are only valuable to the thinker as instances and illustrations of anthropomorphic conceptions and as the survivals of pre-scientific methods of thinking.

EVOLUTION OF THE HOME.

BY LYDIA BELL.

"Investigate thy beginnings. Thou wilt thus learn thy aptitudes, and wilt be able to pursue that path of true progress to which thy destiny calls thee."—VIOLLET-LEDUC: "*Habitations of Men.*"

It is comparatively easy to trace the evolution of the habitations of men. The records show how, from the most primitive huts which merely afforded shelter from the elements, necessity and experience (working together through the centuries) evolved, from these huts as beginnings, to the magnificent and perfect architecture of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece.

This object-lesson in evolution is before us, and we see how conquest of one tribe by another led to immigration; how that immigration brought new needs; how old ideas were modified to suit new conditions; how the coalescing of tribes brought other ideas, until the structures in which men are housed reached the apex of their evolution centuries ago. Rafter, cornice, column, arch, and vault were finished, and we of modern times are imitators and copyists of both the wonderful architecture of the Nile and the more modern but not less beautiful constructions of Greece and Assyria. I refer to the evolution of the house, the habitation, because in that process we have embodied what may be considered the form or type of the evolution of the home, which holds within it the crown of human possibility.

Evolution means "a rolling out," and in general terms we understand it to mean the law of development by which worlds and men attain to higher forms of expression. The term "evolution" is now receiving a broader definition than

formerly, when it was limited to the idea of primitive beginnings, with increasing complexity of organism or expression as form. This definition comprehends nothing more than is expressed in the chambered nautilus, which, beginning with a small house or shell, each year moves out of the smaller into a larger one, until at the conclusion of the life it occupies the full house at the end of a chain of defunct shells. Though as large as the earth, it is but a nautilus in the end as it was in the beginning.

The study of human evolution, in any aspect, demands that some element superior to form be considered. The point of demarcation between the animal and the human makes its record, not in the visible plane of existence but rather in the inner plane (or consciousness) of the ideal. The swing of the pendulum of evolution, the "rolling out" of form, has a corresponding swing in the opposite direction, which is an awakening within. In other words, any study in human evolution involves the contemplation of a study in involution; or, for every higher or more complex form in the external world we have a corresponding consciousness or ideal in the inner world.

Nothing is stationary. Not forms alone, but ideas as well, obey the law of evolution and progress from simple to complex. When any form reaches the perfection of its type, it gives place to a higher type. In this transformation the previous form becomes the substratum for the higher, just as the rock in its evolution becomes soil for the vegetable. It is always the giving place of the crude to the more nearly ripe, the highest attainment in one species being the lowest in the beginning of the next higher. Thus evolution does not proceed in a straight line or at a tangent, but in a spiral —the descent of one species being the beginning of the ascent of a higher type. In considering the evolution of the home, we may look backward to the evolution of the habitation as the beginning of the demarcation of a type which strikes into the ideal for its beginning. The perfection of this ideal

is perhaps ages in advance of where we are to-day. We can base this supposition on the law of evolution itself. The circle of any type of the law will be as great as its beginning is deep-seated and strong. That which evolves is proportioned to the idea involved.

Do we know the beginning of the home idea? In some form it is imbedded in every aspect of life. It is the most widely fundamental of any idea in the universe. We find its beginnings in the mineral world, in what is called the law of segregation or cohesion, by which elements of like polarity combine to form a centre, or common unity. Ruskin says:

> "It is seldom that any mineral crystallizes alone. Usually two or three under different crystalline laws form together. When in fine temper, they do this absolutely without flaw or fault. Observe what this signifies. It signifies that the two or more minerals of different natures agree somehow between themselves how much space each will want, and agree which of them shall give way to the other, till each crystal has fitted itself perfectly and gracefully to its differently natured neighbor."

While this is somewhat poetic, it is also scientifically true; and our study of the evolution of the home as the ideal which rises out of the complete habitation may begin with this first idea, which reaches its completeness in the perfect crystalline form of the diamond. Here it is no more than segregation. In the animal it holds this idea but adds to itself another—the idea of protection, which includes the care of the young. Take these two ideas—that of the mineral, or segregation, and that of the animal, or protection—from our present status of the human home, and what have we left? Certainly it reveals the human as a type in a very embryotic condition. We have never yet built a castle or a palace to rival in completeness the home of the diamond, the crystal, or the coral. We have never formed furnishings more rare than those of a forest or a flower. We have never established a more complete domestic relation than that of the bee or the ant.

We may justly conclude that the idea which distinguishes the human home is not an idea of form. As we cannot deal

with it solely as a larger unfolding of primitive aspects, another factor, not found in the world of form, must be accounted for. It transcends all form; we find its base in the evolution of the ideal, or on the line of spiritual evolution. The form that evolves never rises higher than the idea involved. The human roots not in the forms of the kingdom below him, but in the higher ideals. The human ideal which reaches its climax in the perfected principles of architecture is but a crude humanity; it is but an enlarged form of the ideas of segregation and protection, though we find in even the crudest of primitive human habitations a recognition of the invisible or spiritual ideal. It is evident that that which distinguishes the human from the life below him is the recognition of the invisible, or ideal. When men start to build better homes, to discover new worlds, or to engage in any enterprise, they have already built the home, made the discovery, or engaged in the enterprise through and by means of the ideal. We search the universe in vain for the distinctively human home, till we perceive the evolution of the spiritual, or the law of involution. Our clew to the expression of anything is in the motive around which that expression stands. Who can sound the plummet of human possibility on the inner (or ideal) side of life?

Perhaps we have not yet begun to know what is the centralizing motive of the human being in that which distinguishes man from the lower kingdoms. We do know, however, that the home idea is not only fundamental in the organization of the world but also in the constitution of man; and though we can measure the homes of the lower kingdoms in circles of limited extent, the ideal of the human home, while it embodies all of these, strikes root in a centre which embraces the circle of the Universe. Man's consciousness of segregation not only holds alliance with the forms and forces of nature, but it embraces a unity with the law itself; and by this consciousness he is identified in the use and control of these powers. His consciousness of protection lies

in the power by which he brings these forms and forces to his service.

Whatever may be the form or feature of the home, its human quality is discovered to be in the strength of its root, i.e., in the spiritual nature. We may measure the status of the home at any point in history by man, as he views himself in his relation to the whole. Like the cells in the body, homes are embryotic types or functions in the great circle of the Law, each revealing the base of its individual centre and proclaiming its unity with the great life-wave of evolution, which, sweeping out in an involution of Infinity, rolls back in the evolution of that home which is formed of the "mansions of God."

Could the mineral awaken to the power which makes it a mineral, it would be self-conscious. It cannot do this and remain a mineral. Man cannot awaken to the home-tide which belongs to him as man, and remain limited to the circle or home of the primitive ideas of segregation and protection. They enter into his home, but not as power. He uses them as he has learned to use stone, wood, and mortar in the construction of his house.

> Not alone in sculptured base and lofty dome,
> And marble floor with architrave and columns grand,
> Do we find home.
> Rest in lofty faith, peace with all mankind,
> And that fraternity which clasps all souls as kindred
> Mark our coming home.

We have homes evolved to the ideas of the mineral, of the vegetable, and of the animal. Is the ideal of the human beginning to express itself as a type? The study of our place in evolution forces us to be honest with ourselves. We have to admit that we are yet immature—in the process of becoming human. Let us see if we can find to what stratum we belong. The past has left records of its ideal of home in bulwarks, walls, columns, crypts, etc.—monuments to an intellectual evolution which coldly sought protection in the sacrifice of

the bodies, blood, and lives of men. The very temples and altars erected in the impulse of the religious instinct, or recognition of the ideal, were themselves types of the personal phase in being devoted to the shedding of blood.

As the civilization of the future turns its gaze backward to the present time, what will it find by which to gauge its standard of our place in the evolutionary home-chain? Invention, which includes discovery, certainly speaks distinctly in the modified form of our homes, while literature, art, and music have a voice as deeply significant. While in the midst of these forms which make our standard, we cannot perhaps fairly estimate our position; but the law of evolution shows that the organism reaches completeness before it touches the chord of its reverse swing. The strings must all be placed in the instrument before melody can unite with it and come forth from it. We must, therefore, believe that the form of our home idea, which speaks in invention, literature, art, and music, must reach the climax of its arc before we have the completed home type of which they are the form. Invention has not only reached the boundary of the unseen: it has penetrated within it. The literary scalpel, to a marked degree, has laid bare the very heart and purpose of life. Music is a rising star on the horizon, and art still lingers a little below it. We need not speak distinctively of religion, as it is inseparably involved in the human idea of home. Religion itself is in the law of evolution, and there is no possibility of separating it therefrom.

We make our ideals by creating the forms that can embody them, i.e., by arriving where they are; and we do this in the mind as well as with the hand. That home which nurtures the ideas of a growing, aspiring humanity is contributing to the evolution of better ideals and homes. As the animal deifies the animal and seeks to perpetuate himself in himself, the sub-human deifies the sub-human, and his household gods are kept for the perpetuation of his household just as it is. It is the mark of the human that is seen in the ability

to extend the horizon of his home circle—to embrace the whole. In doing this he has sympathy with every aspect of human endeavor. His God is as great as his nature, and his nature is as great as his love. His home is the altar to which he brings no bloody sacrifice, but upon which burns a flame of devotion to the divine in humanity. As the astronomer in measuring the heavens employs combinations of numbers for which there is no human comprehension, he who would rightly measure the human must focus the lens of his vision toward that side of his nature to which there is no limit. This is the way of his true home-coming, and this is the circle by which to measure his home circle. When the oncoming tide of evolution strikes the note of the truly human, which it is bound to do if our selfishness and egotism do not block the way, we may picture such homes as will make us willing to stand as humble blocks in the foundation of their structure.

Our place in the kingdoms of the world may at any time be measured by our home ideals. To what is our home consecrated? I have been in splendid mansions, decorated with the finest skill of the decorative art, perfect in furnishing, and orderly in management; yet starvation moved through the halls. The rooms were vacant; there was no idea within them beyond the decorations, furnishings, and appointments. The decorator, the designer of the furniture, and the servants were the real owners of that home. Again, I have sat in a shanty on a Western prairie, with bare boards for walls and furnishings below the measure of necessity, and it was the place of a feast. Promptings and incentives to higher purposes, to loftier ideals, have been drunk in the presence of a soul that carried home with it and made life seem worth living.

The art, music, and literature which embellish the home exist in the hearts of its dwellers as well as in the drawing-room or library. They lend themselves to the home as the expression of its soul. The home is their adequate cause and reason for being. They issue from it as its natural emanations, and must return with power for larger and better ex-

pression. This is the true action of every function of the home, and in itself it is a type of the law of evolution. It will bring into itself the forces and powers and qualities which it sends out. It will do this in an ever-rising ratio if it moves to completeness, and in an ever-descending ratio if it moves to destruction.

We may well inquire, What are the forces at work in our homes? What is the mainspring of action? What is the centre of devotion? The law of evolution is always at work; the home must so relate itself thereto as to enlarge and beautify the sum of human power, or it may lend itself to perpetuate the forms and degree of the crystal and the ant. In some respects it is possible that we may yet "go to the ant," and by "considering her ways" come a little nearer to the human.

The home presents itself to us as the conserved form of the law of evolution. To be harmonious, or human, it must be grounded and established in action that reaches toward the ideal. True to this action, the home is the great function —the heart—of the evolution of the race. Its rhythm being perfect, it becomes the fountain which nurtures and sends forth a rising regal humanity. Man contributes of his manhood and woman of her womanhood, neither one attempting to define or limit the place or capacity of the other, but each boundlessly free to act in his or her way to the bringing forth of that ideal which is the "image of God."

Without claiming any superior place for womankind, we may admit that woman stands as the symbol of the ideal part of human nature. Though male and female exist potentially in all modes of life, it is the human family, symbolizing in itself the perfect unity of those two factors, that is the root of the human home. Woman's freedom is man's uplifting, and the evolution of woman typifies that of the home as it approaches the human standard. Her status is the true gauge of the position of a race, a nation, or a people. The home as the conservator of society has transposed its office from the primitive idea (to separate and shelter), and in its new office it

bestows and gives. Its strength is no longer measured by battlements and moats and walls. We have come to look upon that as a strong home which centres within itself the love of virtue, of honor, of truth, and of God. In the incoming cycle upon whose threshold we stand, there devolves upon woman, as the type of the ideal, the solemn duty of bringing the home into the unified expression of a lofty love.

> "Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
> Then reign the world's Great Bridals."

This is no vain dream. Science reveals itself as certainly in the living force of human quality as it does in the organism of material atoms; and in the Evolution of the Home we may read the fulfilment of human destiny.

REVELATIONS OF A MOORISH MIRROR.

BY LUCY CLEVELAND.

I.

We sat down on a quaint bench in the Dutch curio shop, and I cautiously looked at her again. Her gaze had strayed beyond the cool, white gleaming of an old Orient-rimmed mirror. This mirror had once reflected the glowing eyes of a Moorish sultana, in the purple twilight, beyond the lattice and the plash of rose-fed fountains, where she stood in her terrible beauty awaiting the rising of a crimson moon.

We were whiling away a winter's afternoon in a bric-a-brac shop, nominally of Dutch and Flemish wares, which was altogether the oddest thing I had found in New York. I had stumbled upon it in one of my art-rambles through the severe realism of the great city. It had been a godsend to me. Neither to the laity nor the elect had I mentioned its congregation of curios from the villages of Holland and from priceless old Flemish interiors, as well as from the cities, suburbs, haunts, and havens of Europe and the Orient.

About two months previous I had received an order to paint my companion's portrait. She entered my studio one afternoon, presenting her card and herself—an imperial presence: Miss Neferu Ahsoon. As she came forward across the lights and shadows of my den, I remember that I started suddenly with a strange feeling that something out of the ordinary was sweeping toward me. Yet very actual was this superb bit of flesh and blood moving through the growing twilight. As I talked with the beautiful creature, the curious spell was gradually shaken off, but now and again it returned.

I vowed that I had before this seen her face somewhere.

Who, whence, and what was she? The question renewed itself week by week in my mind as her orchid-beauty unfolded in all its stately tropics before the searching eye of the artist. It renewed itself now as I caught the reflections of the Moorish mirror upon it. The look that haunts the face of the "Beatrice Cenci" had come into her dusky eyes. Did you ever think of it? The eyes of the genius and the ghost have this in common: they look beyond you, not at you. They seem to live in the future. I am certain about the genius; and they say it is true of ghosts.

When I returned from the Nile, I had talked the matter over in Paris with Carolus Duran, as I studied his just-completed picture of "The Poet with the Mandolin." Fresh from mummy-portraits, in which (said that keen old philosopher, the Ancient Egyptian) the "Ka," or the life, or the double, or the genius—call it what you please—of the deceased actually lived, I had noticed the striking, even appalling kinship between the two: the eyes of the genius (or double) of the dead Pharaoh painted on a past forever, and the eyes of the man whom the master in portraiture painted to-day—who knew his double within himself—the Poet. I could never catch the eyes of those superb old mummy-portraits; neither could I fasten the eyes in the work of the French master.

Was Mlle. Neferu Ahsoon a genius realizing that double of self, or a ghost realizing its life? The former thought came and went in my dreams, continually disturbed by the latter. Would she ever realize her double of sex, as of self? I knew too startlingly that she had won me. When should I tell her? When the portrait was finished in which I meant to give to the world the attraction of that unfathomable something in her nature which was still a mystery to myself? Or in some sweet, sudden moment when the lips of a man can no longer withhold a heaven? She was a most beautiful woman, with tawny hair curiously like the sunsets of Egypt when the shimmer on the Nile-stream holds for one great moment; when the face of the Libyan rocks is ruddy; when

the palm-trees are bronze against the crimson clouds, and it is all gradations of red-gold and depths of light. Her coloring reminded me persistently of my old matchless afternoons in Egypt and Nubia. Her eyes were dark—Semitic eyes that might have glowed with sudden heart-beats like Rebecca's behind her girlhood's veil as Isaac came slowly across the lit fields at eventide. She was the best curio I had found. My art-sense was quickened as I looked at her. Of the heart-sense I could no longer take stock.

"They have my portrait in Cairo," said Mlle. Neferu Ah-soon one day as I lingered upon her face, my brush poised in mid-air.

"Who did it, and who owns it?" I asked, eagerly.

But a silence had fallen between us which I dared not break. She had arisen and was moving restlessly around the studio with her mysterious filmy tread. Into my brushes, as I worked, came a strange motion that kept time with her pace. I was doing her portrait in the dress of an Egyptian girl of the long ago, a crimson lotus on her superb curve of bosom; yet she once told me that not a drop of Egyptian blood flowed in her veins.

"You have travelled a great deal," I said to my companion this afternoon, for the far-away look had come into her eyes with a gentle mist of tears.

"Yes, I have travelled a great deal," she said. "My home is in Antakieh, the Antioch of old on the Orontes, near famous Byblos. Ah, you know not what it is to float upon that Orient tide in a boat that glides under the gleaming of the great moon. The air is all roses and radiance. The stars look in, those great golden lotus-hearts in heaven, and tremble with their joy. The stream mirrors them."

I caught the old, keen looking-glass intent upon her burning face. A mirror is a terrible tell-tale. But my heart burned as the thought hurried: Who glided with her in that boat, wrapped in midnight and moonlight, and watched the light of those Orient stars, her eyes?

"De gentlemans and lady like see more?"

The little Dutch maid broke into the significant pause and pointed above our heads. On the shelf was a Spanish guitar. Mlle. Ahsoon reached up for it. Slowly her long, shapely hand awoke the dead melodies that arose in silver resurrection and spoke their forgotten cadence into the present. Her hand trembled as it met their own.

"You thought the guitar was Spanish? It is not Spanish. To Egypt we owe music. The guitar of old Egypt had become a symbol for words; it was a hieroglyph (Neferu, the lute) before the Pyramids of Gizeh loomed toward the haze of history." Quickly she took my pencil and drew a mystic picture, an Egyptian lute. Beautiful, impassioned woman! Go on forever thus—flushed with feeling, thy lips a pomegranate, thy heaving heart like the lotus on a tropic tide! What care I for hieroglyphs and hewers of stone, for deserts and dynasties? "And that is your name—Neferu the lute, meaning music?"

What was this woman? By Egyptian hook or crook I meant to find out. Her eyes shone as I had seen them glow one afternoon in my studio, when I held up my sketch of a late purple twilight on the Nile, the Colossi of the Plain, the statues of a Pharaoh and his bride—those eternal records of the genius of the Theban morning, a-gaze across the desolations of land upon whose rim a great crimson moon was rising. I looked at the woman reflected in the white gleaming of the old Orient-rimmed mirror. She gazed far beyond me, with those dusky Semitic eyes, over which some tender memory of tears was plainly floating.

"Memnon at morning, the Greek and Roman said." (Great heavens! was she reading my thoughts?) "Memnon singing to his mother Aurora the Dawn. No; they were wrong. The Memnon sings the song of the great past."

From the old lute there streamed music that a quill from the wing of Jove's eagle should have written. I have never heard such music, not even in the oceanic harmonies of Wag-

ner, nor in the liquid cry of the poets of sound—the lyrists of literature. This dropping music was the golden rain of the Infinite that wakens the bloom in the gardens of the soul. More beautiful with every moment of the great crescendos grew the face of the girl as the old, sharp, white glance of the Moorish mirror seized and held it.

"Will you know what my lute is singing?" She fixed me with her electric eyes. "It is the voice of Love. It is the voice of the Colossi of the Plain, the imperial defiance of time. The Memnon at dawn sang of the giant love of the two in the starlight and Nile-gleam, of the immortal passion of Amenhotep the king and Taia his Chaldean bride—the long yearning of the finite heart."

"How do you know it?" I asked, quickly. I believe my face paled. She fixed me again with those strange eyes. Her cheeks were crimson as the sunset reflected across Karnak's majesty of marble.

The little Dutch maid touched the blanched face of an old coffin-case of a clock, and sent a chime of melody ringing out across the silence. It was its voice from out its mummy-case of tomb. "Would mynheer and de lady like see Egypt tings?" The little maid opened the door of an old cabinet. The Moorish mirror mused upon that door. I hurriedly hauled out necklaces, amulets, and strips inscribed from the "Egyptian Book of the Dead," when a cry arrested my hand.

"What is in that chest?"

The woman beside me glided forward. The winter twilight across the little shop hid, I believe, my paled face. She grasped the rim of the chest, and the Moorish mirror looked in. She tore off the wrappings from a head hidden below. On a card attached to the mummy-bands were the following words:

"The mummy-head and foot of Taia the Asiatic Queen of Amenhotep the Third of the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty. Found by a courier in a tomb near Thebes, and by him sold to the present collector."

Neferu Ahsoon tore off the bands from the little foot so proudly arched. Long, long ago, what lover stooped to kiss you, and laid down his life there? The tears started to her eyes. "Your beautiful, tender nature is touched by these fragments of a great Pharaonic past," I said, bending nearer the beautiful woman and lowering my voice. "The little foot reminds me of your own." Yes, I would tell her, tell her of all that went on so wildly in my heart. I would tell her to-night, ere I said good-night to such a host of peerless things. It should be good-night, indeed—to those eyes, and to that uplifted mouth——

She held aloft the mummy-head. The ghostly hand of the Moorish mirror held it high. A grand face; Semitic features; beauty once abundant in lip and forehead; a queenly woman! Good God! I caught the face in the chill sharp glance of the old looking-glass across the pallor of the dead day. It was the face of Neferu Ahsoon! I believe I shook from head to foot. She glided forward, the dead and the living one, as the words fell across the gray twilight: "I am the reincarnation of Taia the Mesopotamian, Taia the queen of the mighty Pharaoh, Taia the living one."

Was it ever stated what became of me? I believe I myself was a candidate to be a dead one (a brain fever and four physicians). But the question wildly comes: Shall I yet tell her? The Prayer-book says nothing against wedlock with reincarnations, save that a man must not marry his grandmother. The questions come: Would your children be ghosts? What if Amenhotep the Third should wake up and walk about? Great Pharaoh!

I purchase to-morrow the Moorish mirror that holds such mighty secrets.

II.

I believe the cold drops broke upon my forehead as I concluded my bargain with the Dutch collector, and watched him slowly take down the old Moorish mirror from its nail.

Its sharp, white glance at me across the dim curio shop was an omen of some future revelation. I knew it, but I cannot tell why. I carried it home under my arm, and hung it directly opposite the picture of Neferu Ahsoon—I beg her divine Pharaonic pardon—Taia, royal (living) consort of Amenhotep the Third (dead), of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty (all mummified).

It was a late winter's evening when I reached my studio, and the great crimson moon was up. Its soft glowing would presently fall around my room. I sat spell-bound, gazing across the desolation of the place where so lately Taia, queen in all her terrible beauty, had passed. The night was very still. There was the picture—the splendor of the Eastern beauty! What depths of sub-consciousness had tipped my brushes with light-sparkles as of glints from the restless jewel-hearts of crowned Pharaohs? How was it that I had understood her so well, as I painted from this awful, sublime palette of the sub-consciousness, whose distinct colors swim up to vision from what seems the vague? Again I looked at her in the almost completed portrait, in the purple robe of well-nigh transparent texture, belted with gold. From her left temple, a long tress of heavy, tawny hair, braided with gold, hung to her waist. "It is a royal sign," she had said to me, and I now recalled her words with a flash that sent a spurt of blood to my cheek and brow. On her wavy hair was a slender band of gold, crown-like; on its rim, above her forehead, the horned serpent rose—the insignia of the Pharaohs. It was surmounted by a glowing sun-disk.

As I sat alone before the portrait and its double in the old looking-glass, I recalled my hasty review of the whole stupendous history when I had recovered from the fever that almost took my life. How it all came back in the dimming twilight—the history (proved by the stone tablets found at Tell-el-Amarna) of this grand, regal woman, Taia, daughter of the king of Mitanni, that strange region of northern Syria lying on the outskirts of the great Mesopotamian desert! It

was here that the mighty Amenhotep the Third had essayed a royal lion-hunt. But the greatest of his victories was the conquest of the heart of Taia, the Asiatic, whom it seemed no man could win. To him and to her had arisen the statues of the Colossi at the entrance to that temple of which no fragment remains. Before the statues, Time has reverently withdrawn his sweeping scythe—for they are eternally the forever-giant passion of two regal hearts.

I started to my feet. What had I been saying? "The forever-giant passion of two regal hearts?" She, the queen-lotus on the tides of time, lived! I had seen that. And I knew, too sorrowfully, that she lived on the tides, the tumult-tides of a man's life. But of what use? I laughed sarcastically as I kicked over my Cupid-quiver of brushes.

Tell me, O metaphysician, O psychologist; tell me, Hegel, Kant, or Schopenhauer, from your dead or living niches of night—the star-night of your renown—tell me why, as I looked up at that old Moorish mirror in the broad white glowing of the moonbeams, the lit river of old Byblos, that unrolled its love-tides near Taia's home long ago, swept luminously across my consciousness? Byblos—the shrine of Venus and Adonis, of Isis and Osiris; Byblos—and Fate had swept me out upon its waves!

Moonlight is music if you have the ears to hear it.

The moonlight, moving rhythmically across the old looking-glass, spoke, in sudden splendor, word by word, the dropping notes of the song I had not heard for many a day, "The Song of Byblos"—of the wine that my Taia, queen, had drunk at the banquets of the Pharaohs:

"Wine of Byblos, what do I drink
In drinking deep of thy golden spray?
Bubbles that wink at the beaker's rim
With an ardor of glance from the far-away,
When the beauties of Egypt were pledged in the wine,
A song round the banquet—inebriate divine!

"Wine of Byblos, what do I drink
As my lips caress thy enchanted lip?
Is the pulse of the fragrance that beats in the cup
The throb of the dance? Gods of Egypt! one sip
Of a heart where the wine's fire burns, mounts, and whirls,
Is worth nineteen long centuries' dozens of girls."

I sat immovable, gazing across the glowing room and upon the ghostly lustre of that old looking-glass and its reflection upon the purple twilight of the robe of Taia, queen. My hands upon my knees, in Egyptian repose, I believe I should have frightened a Theban pussy-cat out of its sanctification if it had chanced to follow the moonlight that unlocked the loves of the Memnon and looked in. Now, I was neither asleep nor a fool. I was as wide awake as the steelly wink of my bicycle-bar. But slowly the "Byblos" verse again floated across the gleaming track of that old gaunt mirror:

"Wine of Byblos, were I a god
I would give free play to conceit of my soul:
Take obelisk of Hatasu for goblet-stem,
Karnak carving of Lotus for drinking-bowl;
Throned gigantic, like grand, glowing Memnon of Thebes,
Drink, drink this wine-music Nile sun-ardor ne'er leaves!"

I liked the expression, "wine-music." I believed I would join the fellows at the club—and partake. Of what use were Byblos, Taia, and the "immortal passion?" Taia, queen, conscious of her reincarnation, wouldn't marry an artist fellow below her rank. And there was that old octogenarian, Amenhotep the Third, in the way. Octogenarian? Four thousand-genarian! And he might walk round at any epoch and put an end to all the fun. Tamer of lions, he could lead me by the throat with his Egyptian finger-wink!

* * * * * * * * *

The club dinner was a howling success—I can draw a cork, anyway. I began to feel quite Nineteenth after Christ, and when the champagne was foaming, the Nineteenth B.C. had almost evaporated. Yet every leap of the triumphant bub-

bles brought back the ascending enchantment of the glowing words:

> "Wine of Byblos, enchantress of breath!
> Ah, warm nights of Egypt—caress divine!
> Isis, Osiris, Hathor—what not?
> Are pouring out goblets of stars, bubbling wine
> Into chalice of heaven; they tremble at lip
> Of the deities' thirst—to poor mortals one sip!"

In vain did the fellows rally me on my gaps of silence during the outpour of the champagne's Bacchic melody—its whistling of Cupid's wings. That verse lorded it over me. Was there any more of it? I couldn't recall it. "To poor mortals one sip"—of what?

"Look here, old man," Harris shouted to me, "why are you sitting there with your hands on your knees like a Theban Memnon? Hello, Gunner! haul down that drawing I made last year in Egypt of the 'Colossi of the Plain.' There, old man! I had the audacity to restore the grand stone-veiled face of the king from excavations now in the Boolak Museum, Cairo. Great heavens, fellows!" Harris drew nearer and scanned me from head to foot. "It's amazing!" he exclaimed. "I always said you looked like a king, old chap. And that far-off look in your eyes. Look, fellows! 'Pon my word——"

I would not—I dared not let the man finish. I snatched the picture from him and rushed home, but I heard Harris's last words: "Let a genius alone, fellows! He's got another picture in his brain—you can't fence out your fate!" No; you cannot. I had "another picture in my brain," but of what "genius" realizing its double of self?

I mounted the steps leading to my studio four at a time. It was the wine—but wine of Byblos! I knew what was coming. The looming shadow of a pivotal event projects itself across the level of our present. And the light, too! Moonlight waking all round my room; moonlight enfolding the sumptuous Taia, queen; moonlight across the majesty of the

looking-glass whose glance beckoned me onward! The light was like a pulse upon those lotus-lips of hers that seemed to rise to the enchantment of the night. The moon is the secret of the East. It lifts sense into the sphere of soul. I moved toward her, and the great shadow of the mighty Pharaoh's face within my hand moved with me toward that goldening embrace of light. The dream of the night was now herself alone, and that great white lotus of moon starred the earth with its petals and pulses of love. Marvellous and melodious, the rhythmic passion of the old wine of Byblos melody rushed onward with the flowing moonlight, the wine-music that the Memnon drank:

> "Wine of Byblos? 'Tis here! . . . .
> Two eyes glow uplifted where dusk splendors shine;
> Thy pulse-heave? a white breast like a bird's pant on mine,
> The rim of thy beaker the lip of my love—gods! that wine—
> And I drink her full soul—one delirium divine!"

The Moorish mirror's sharp white glance beckoned me. Did I know what was coming? I held the Pharaoh's face high against its ghostly disk. Good God! As I looked at the face that was looking at my own, I spake aloud the words with the joy of completed manhood into the vaporous silver of the impassioned night:

"I am the reincarnation of the Pharaoh, of Amenhotep the king! I can tell her!"

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

[It is our purpose in this Department to give a medium of expression for the many experiences of a psychical nature that are more frequent in every individual life than is commonly supposed. We shall also give any scientific conclusions that may be deduced therefrom. Such experiences are usually given so little recognition as to check the development of a naturally occult mentality; or when recognized, they are too often converted to the use of cults that are fanatical perversions of the subjective spirituality. On the principle that *all spirit is one*, we may gain a higher comprehension of this question with the understanding of spirit in the abstract rather than spirits personified. In giving these phases of mind the recognition which is their due, the habit may be established by which they will tend to repeat themselves and indefinitely increase. We hope to secure perfect accuracy in these statements, by which alone it is possible to preserve their scientific value. On these lines and for this purpose we ask the honest co-operation of all possessing information of importance to the world, and we hope those who can will send us such material as possesses scientific value in a true development of the psychic faculties of mind.]

THE PSYCHIC CLUB.

BY G. S. HOWARD, A.M., M.D.

(*Sixth Paper: President's Address Discussed.*)

Pursuant to adjournment, the Club met in the rooms of Dr. Gordon at 9.30 P.M. President Harding in the chair. Minutes of the last meeting were read, approved, and indorsed by the President. The Club then proceeded to consider the subject of the President's address, and to make fitting comments thereon. Dr. Thompson began the discussion by stating his interest in Dr. Harding's experience, and remarked that he had frequently thought of the subject since, attempting to find some suitable

explanation for the peculiar incident of the dual appearance in the same room and at the same time.

"Now," said he, "if Dr. Bolton had been in some distant place, one might find a possible explanation in the hypothesis of mental impression, as it is a generally accepted fact that, in certain peculiar mental conditions, one person can impress his personality, mysteriously but palpably, upon the minds of others, even making his presence felt as a conscious entity. But I do not find in my reading or elsewhere a single instance in which, under circumstances like those described by our President, such a manifestation of duality has been reported. While I do not wish to be suspected of doubting the veracity of Dr. Harding in the slightest degree, yet I trust I may be excused, Mr. President, if for information I make the inquiry: Did your patient, Dr. Bolton, when manifesting himself in his ethereal state, show anything like a lack in material completeness? I think I understood you to say that on one occasion he appeared to be wearing clothes different from the ones actually encasing his form at the time."

In reply, Dr. Harding said: "On the occasion I mentioned, the apparition, if I may so call it, was fully dressed for the street; and I observed that he appeared in the same suit that he wore at the time of the accident at Sault Ste. Marie, while in reality the body lying on the bed had on only an undershirt and nightshirt, the clothing of a person said to be undressed."

"Then," said Thompson, "may I ask if you noticed anything abnormal in your own state of mind which would in any way account for your part in so singular an experience?"

Harding answered: "So far as I know there was nothing in my mental condition that was out of the ordinary. I certainly had no idea at the moment that would warrant the supposition of my courting an illusion. In fact I have considered myself very carefully in connection with this whole matter, and I know of nothing, so far as I am concerned, that was done to invite any manifestation of the immaterial; besides, perhaps I should inform you frankly that it is when my mind is entirely occupied with something else, and especially when I cannot say that it is really occupied at all, that I get the best results. If I am anxious for anything, I get nothing satisfactory. A certain condition of self-effacement seems to be a prime requisite to communication with these intangible beings—whom for the want of a better name we must call disembodied souls."

Here Dr. Gordon interrupted with the inquiry: "Do I understand you aright? Do you say you are still visited by the shade of this same Dr. Bolton?"

"I mean to say that Dr. Bolton is not a 'shade' so far as I am concerned; and from our joint experiences I am convinced that what you call his 'shade' is far more real than the earthly body which I helped to inter in the rock-ribbed soil of the old Bay State. It was his idea, also mine, that death is not an essential condition to the intercommunion of mind with mind when trained to that end. In fact we were impressed with the thought that these stories about what the Hindus can do might not be fiction after all; but that these wonderful people, as the result of many years' study, might have evolved a practical science to which they apply their knowledge as systematically as to any other art. In other words, I believe that with them intercommunion is neither witchery nor jugglery, but an absolute art, which any one leading the same kind of a life may acquire and develop. It is my aim to make this dream a certainty."

"Well," said Graham, "I am satisfied that you must have had the worst kind of 'd. t.'s,' and am sorry for you, Harding. I think your case must be taken under advisement by a committee of the whole. I have had several talks with Reade, since you told us that story, and we have agreed that it is a bad case; but you can't get Reade to do anything but expect. It is an intolerable nuisance to have a fellow so young as he falling into these old men's ways. Now, my idea is that a young man ought at least to simulate some degree of youthful enthusiasm, at least for a time; and I protest that Reade is too young a man to pose as a sage on the expectant plan. I would like to know what we are coming to anyhow. Here is one of our fellows setting up for a cynic, and another as a rival of the Mahatmas! Gentlemen, it is a serious situation that presses for consideration, and I suggest that we form a committee of inquiry and go in and see how Harding's experience can be verified by experiment. Not that I place much confidence in such things; but I am Scotch, and have heard a good many stories of the kind, although I have been in the habit of taking them 'cum grano salis.' I own to a certain vein of the curious, however, and think this is the best way of helping our President to solve his difficulty."

"I say, Graham," said Reade, "you are rather mean to make me a party to your opinion in this underhand fashion. I should

not have spoken of the matter; but, having done so, I should have expected to be pulled in through the back door in just such shape as this. The fact is, Harding, I was immensely interested in your story, and confess I would be glad to know much more about it. However, the matter seems to have a spiritualistic flavor in some particulars, as, for instance, the idea that Bolton is still a living factor as an individual; but I grant that the idea of two living persons playing 'spook' is hardly in the line of spiritualism. Now, I don't place much dependence upon the spiritualistic theory myself; it is too undemonstrable to satisfy even my weak reasoning. I have seen a few of their mediums and have visited several materializing seances, but all seemed to lack scientific precision. What purport to be the spirits of the departed come and go without any system whatever, and for no evident purpose. They do nothing of sufficient importance to justify them in going to so much trouble; and as for tests—well, to my mind, it is a most foolish idea to apply a test where all the conditions are made by the other fellow, and you must accept them or he won't play. If souls exist after they are done with earth life—then, beyond question, they are under new conditions and must live under very different circumstances from those surrounding material life. It seems absurd for us to expect them to violate the very conditions upon which they are permitted to continue their existence. For example, we find it is necessary for them to be provided with a dark cabinet, or some other specially prepared toilet-room where they can arrange ghostly habiliments like a prima donna making up for the stage. You remember the old saying: 'If you will grant my hypothesis, I can prove any argument.' This seems to apply to materializing seances. If spirit manifestations are real, and not a phantom of an over-wrought brain, then spirits must be able to take up material, and whatever is material can be analyzed. Until I can see just such evidence I shall never believe that these manifestations are anything more than the creation of our own fancy. That there is something in them I am quite prepared to accept; but that it is real I cannot admit, although I would like to do so."

"Well, what do you make of it?" asked Gordon.

"Why, Bob, that is just what I want some one to tell me. I have seen, touched, and handled what seemed to be the actual flesh and form of people whom I know to be as dead as a last year's corn-stalk; yet, for the moment, they appeared to be per-

fect animal bodies, with the same life and powers as other men. I say 'for the moment,' because I have held what purported to be the hand while the rest of the body was mere nothingness, and have heard the voice after the entire form was gone. Such experiences make a fellow feel a little uncanny, I assure you. Owing to my observations in this line, I said that Harding's experience with Bolton since his death was what might be classed in the spiritualistic domain."

"Not exactly, doctor," Harding replied. "You will remember that my observations began and extended over some weeks before he passed away."

"Yes, I know you told us that. Here is the point in the affair which extends beyond any conception of my mind, yet it appears to offer a chance for supposing that if one living man can do this there is no reason why another cannot do the same."

"That was Dr. Bolton's idea. It is also mine, and was what I meant when I said that, if possible, my purpose is to make this ideal a certainty."

"I would like to inquire," said Gordon, "if you have formulated any system upon which you hope to carry out and develop your aim in this matter."

"Well, I confess that, if I have any, it is yet in a very nebulous state. I fully recognize that, while these things were transpiring, Dr. Bolton's physical condition was far from normal. I have been reading everything I can find which in any way seems to bear upon the subject, especially the Hindu Yogi, but their system appears to be very complicated; besides, there is a strong religious vein running through it. In fact, it is this very religious element which stands in the way of the Anglo-Saxons—the Orientals are too far ahead of us."

"Then there is something in these Hindu speculations after all?" remarked Dr. Grant.

"Something in them!" exclaimed Dr. Gordon. "Well, I should say there was. It is this that has nearly driven what little sense I ever had out of my head. I referred to this subject when I spoke of an experience which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, and which I am growing doubtful of ever explaining under my present work-a-day conditions. After you told your strange experience, Harding, I said I would like your assistance in solving my problem; and I repeat that you must help me or I will feel obliged for the present to give it up in despair—not per-

manently, however, because, like you, I am determined to see the thing through sooner or later. Last summer I met a man who knew more about these things than any one else I ever met, and I am bound to find him again somehow, when I shall stay by him until I know the truth about this matter."

Harding, whose interest was evidently excited, asked: "Where did you see him?"

"First in New York, after that in Washington, and again in Montreal. He was travelling around to the different places, and our meetings seemed to occur by the merest chance; but he always appeared to know just what was uppermost in my mind and would directly solve the riddle for me, until at last he himself became my greatest puzzle—the more I saw the less I knew of him."

"Of what nationality was he, and where does he live?" asked Thompson.

"He said he was born in England, but had lived many years among the Hindus in India. He gave me no address, but declared we would meet again when I was most in need of him; and I have no doubt we will—in fact I should not be surprised to see him any day, for apparently I can never need him more than at the present time. I have no doubt he could tell us all about these things which are now so perplexing. He is a marvellous man! He spoke as if he believed in and understood exactly such things as Harding and Reade have been talking about. At any rate he told me more wonderful stories than either of them; but I do not wish to take up so much time. I can at least tell you all I know about it on some other occasion, but now I should like to hear from the rest of you."

"I think," remarked Bradley, "that we should all be more interested in hearing your experience than in anything else, for it must have been very remarkable to create such an impression on a temperament like yours; and I am anxious to hear at least as much as you care to tell us. I believe the rest of the boys feel about the same. What do you say, Harding?"

"For my part, I know of nothing I should like so much," was the President's courteous reply; "and, if Gordon feels ready to tell us, I am sure we all will appreciate whatever he is at liberty to impart."

"Then go ahead, Bob. We are all attention," said Graham.

Thus urged, Gordon rose and began his remarks by saying:

"Well, gentlemen, I did not deem myself ready to tell my story yet; but, if you desire it now, I will do my best. You must remember, however, that I called it unfinished business."

(*To be continued.*)

* * *

A SILENT ADMONITION.

A mother of two young girls, aged about six and nine years respectively, was sitting quietly sewing, while the children were in another part of the room playing with their dolls, when suddenly she became aware that they were quarrelling. Although the elder child was generally at fault in these little childish tiffs, the mother at this time tried to be impartial in her reproof. Without even looking up from her work, she said silently but firmly, "Little children, love each other;" whereupon the elder one burst into tears, and, turning to her mother, said, "Mamma, you always blame me," while the younger one stood with open-eyed wonder, having not heard the reproof. But the mother's mind sent the word of reproach to the accusing conscience, where it found lodgment and quick repentance. E. S. W.

* * *

A despatch from Madison, Wis., says: "A mother's plucky act saved two children from suffocation in a fire on West Johnson Street. Mrs. F. E. Comstock left her two children, aged four and two years, in her rooms while she called on a neighbor. Suddenly something impelled her to return at once, and she obeyed the impulse. On opening her door she was staggered by a volume of smoke, which poured forth. She groped her way in and rescued the little ones in safety, although the younger was so nearly suffocated that it did not recover consciousness for several hours."

* * *

Philip St. George Bridges, a medical student of Richmond, Va., wrote a prize essay on appendicitis. Next day he had symptoms of that disease. An operation was performed, and he died five hours later. Newspaper headings describe this event as a "coincidence," but it is a plain case of mental cause and physical effect.

DEPARTMENT OF

HEALING PHILOSOPHY.

[We invite contributions to this Department from workers and thinkers in every part of the world, together with information from those familiar with Eastern works containing similar teachings which would be valuable for reference. Well-written articles of moderate length will be used, together with terse sayings, phrases, and quotations adapted to arouse comprehension of those principles of wholeness and harmony on which the health of a race depends. The wisdom of the sages and philosophers of all periods and climes, as well as the most advanced expression of modern thought in these lines, will find a welcome in these pages. Co-operation of earnest friends in so brotherly a cause as this will result in a mighty influence for permanent good, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Let us, therefore, in this attempt join hands, minds, and hearts, for a permanent healing of the nations by developing that degree of knowledge which shall make health their common possession.]

ETERNAL LIFE.

"Life, life, eternal life," was the cry of Bunyan's Pilgrim, as he stopped his ears to the pleadings of his friends, and turned away from the "city of destruction." This is clearly the attitude of every soul who wakes to realize the truth of Being—to know that "the law of sin, which is death," is annulled, and the "law of spirit, which is life in Christ," has made us free. Ever and forever, the same is the life which Jesus came to manifest. "I am come a light into the world." Light reveals what is and manifests what already exists; it does not make new conditions, nor create.

Jesus turned the search-light of truth upon the world when he said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I am the light of the world;" "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." Lost means "not yet found;" and the Christ of God, as the good Shepherd, seeks until he finds those who go astray. Eternal love never ceases to search for its own; but through all the darkness of

material belief, of doubt, fear, and shame, it is calling and loving still.

Death, both physical and eternal, according to our religious teaching, has always been the bugbear of humanity. Thought and fear of death are the prolific causes of disease, sorrow, and suffering. Let the teaching be of Life. Let the light of truth, shining through the darkness, dispel all gloom. God is Life—the life of the universe. He who does not yet realize this is still lost to his true self—his real, inner being.

Paul speaks of "walking in newness of life." What can he mean but a new understanding of the law of life—the law of spirit, as opposed to "the law of sin, which is death?" Thus we are "saved by his life" (Rom. v., 10), by understanding spirit as All: for that is our salvation; it is all we need, and so simple that a child may understand and develop God-ward as the rose unfolds its shining petals to the sun. "Until he find it"—what blessed comfort! Does our omnipotent Creator undertake anything he cannot accomplish? Somewhere, some time, each soul must come into conscious relationship with the great Life-giver, for thus alone can we realize eternal life.

MRS. I. G. GOULD.

THE yoke of God is very light indeed. None need do any special thing for him; but in the performance of the ordinary acts of life he is fully worshipped if they are performed for his sake alone. The interior spirit is superior to all works. — *M. M. Chatterji.*

SHANKARA'S VEDA-VEDANTA-SARA.

TEXT AND TRANSLATION BY A. W. SMART.

[*From The Brahmavadin, Madras, India.*]

The following prakarana, named Veda-Vedanta-Sara and attributed to Shankara, is taken from a manuscript in the palace library at Tanjore, and has not, so far as is known, been hitherto printed. It is based on the Mandukya Upanishad, and brings more clearly into view the Vedantic teaching of the fourfold nature of God, as in the Panchadasi.

कूठस्थो ब्रह्मजीवेशौ इत्येवं चिच्चतुर्विधा। घटाकाशमहाकाशौ जलाकाशाभ्रखे यथा ॥

This point in the teaching of Shankara has apparently been missed by Dr. Deussen in his "System des Vedanta," as the latter takes the Sacchidananda Brahman to be the highest of all:

श्रीमंगळमूर्तयेनमः । श्रीसरस्वत्यैनमः । श्रीगुरुभ्योनमः ।
जगदंकुरकंदाय सच्चिदानंदमूर्तये । गलिताखिलभेदाय नमश्शान्ताय विष्णवे ।
यस्याबोधादिदं भाति यद्बोधाद्विनिवर्तते । नमस्तस्मै परानंदवपुषे परमात्मने ॥
यस्याज्ञानप्रभावेन दृश्यते सकलं जगत् । यद्ज्ञानात्क्षयमाप्नोति तस्मै ज्ञानात्मने नमः ॥
अनात्मभूतदेहादावात्मबुद्धिस्तु देहिनाम् । साऽविद्या तत्कृतोबन्धस्तन्नाशो मोक्ष उच्यते ॥
बन्धमोक्षौ न विद्येते नित्यमुक्ततयाऽऽत्मनः॥

॥अथ परमहंसानां विधिं व्याख्यास्यामः॥

सच्छब्दवाच्यमविद्याशबलं ब्रह्म । ब्रह्मणोऽव्यक्तं । अव्यक्तान्महान् । महतोऽहंकारः । अहंकारात्पंचतन्मात्राणि। पंचतन्मात्रेभ्यः पंचमहाभूतानि । पंचमहाभूतेभ्योऽखिल जगत् । पंचमहाभूतानामेकैकं द्विधा विभाजयेत् । तस्याद्यभागं चतुर्धा विभाजयेत् । एवमितरेषु पंचधा पंचीकृते पंचीकरणं भवति । मायारूपदर्शनमध्यारोपापवादाभ्यां निष्प्रपंचं प्रपंच्यते । ओम् पंचीकृतपंचमहाभूतानि तत्कार्यं च सर्वं विराडित्युच्यते । इत्येतत्स्थूलशरीरम्।आत्मा न इंद्रियैरर्थोपलब्धिजाग्रत् । तदुभयाभिमान्यात्मा विश्वः । एतत्त्रयमकारः । ओम् अपंचीकृतपंचमहाभूतानि तत्कार्यं पंचतन्मात्राणि दशेंद्रियाणि मनोबुद्धिश्चेति सप्तदशैकं लिंगं मेतिकम् । हिरण्यगर्भ इत्युच्यते । इत्येतत्सूक्ष्मशरीरम् । आत्मनः करणेषूपसंहृतेषु जाग्रतः संस्काराद्यः प्रतिशरीरम् अयं स्वप्नः । तदुभयाभिमान्यात्मा तैजसः । एतत्त्रयमुकारः ॥ ओम् शरीरद्वयकारणमात्मनोऽज्ञान भासमहंकृतमित्युच्यते । तत्सन्नसन्नसन्नापि सदसन्न तद्विन्नान्नाभिन्न भिन्नाभिन्नं च न तन्निरवयवं नो सावयवं नोभयं । किंतु केवलं ब्रह्मात्मैकत्वविज्ञानमुपपद्यते सर्वोपरि । प्रज्ञाय तत्कारणज्ञानोपसंहारबुद्धये कारणमात्मनोऽवस्थानं सुषुप्तिः । तदुभयाभिमान्यात्माप्राज्ञः । एतत्त्रयं मकारः ॥ ओम् अकारउकारउकारोमकारः मकारओकारः ओंकारोऽहमेव अहमात्मा साक्षी केवलः । चिन्मात्रस्वरूपोऽहम् नोऽज्ञानं विद्यते तत्कार्यञ्च नित्यशुद्धबुद्धमुक्तसत्यस्वभाव परमानंदस्वभावं परमानंदं अनन्तमद्वयं प्रत्यग्भूतं परं ब्रह्माऽहमस्मि इति अहमेव पर ब्रह्मेत्यादिभेदाननुसंधानं समाधिः ॥ तत्वमसि, अहं ब्रह्मास्मि, विज्ञानमानंदं ब्रह्म,सत्यंज्ञानमानन्तं ब्रह्म, एकमेवाद्वितीयं ब्रह्म, आत्मैवेदं सर्वं, ब्रह्मैवेदं सर्वं, सर्वं खल्विदं ब्रह्म, अयमात्मा ब्रह्म, इत्यादि वेदश्रुतिभ्यः ॥

चिन्तयेत्प्रणवात्मानं सज्ज्योतिर्हृदयेस्थितम् । चैतन्यमात्रममृतं सोहमस्मीति नित्यशः ॥

तत्कार्योपाधिचैतन्यं जीवशब्दवाच्यम् । कारणोपाधिचैतन्यं शिवशब्दवाच्यम् । उभयोस्तत्रचैतन्यमात्रं शिवशाब्दो लक्षयेत्।उभयोस्तत्र लक्षणा पदार्थः अखण्डमेकरसज्ञानार्थं भवति कार्यकारणे परित्यज्य गृहत्वा शुद्धं तद्ब्रह्मोच्यते॥

कार्योपाधिरहं जीवः कारणोपाधिरीश्वरः । कार्यं च कारणं हित्वा पूर्णबोधोऽवशेषितः ॥
अच्युतोऽहमनन्तोऽहं गोविन्दोऽहंमहं हरिः । आनन्दोऽहमशेषोऽहं यज्योऽहमृतोस्म्यहम् ॥
नित्योऽहं निर्विकल्पोऽहं निरीहोऽहं निरंजनः । सच्चिदानंदरूपोऽहं परिपूर्णोऽस्मि सर्वदा ॥
इति श्रीपरमहंसपरिव्राजकाचार्यवर्य श्रीमच्छंकराचार्यविरचितो वेदवेदान्तसारः. संपूर्णः ॥ शुभमस्तु॥

[TRANSLATION.]

Salutation to that being of auspicious form! Salutation to Sarasvati! Salutation to all holy teachers! Salutation to the all-pervader, who is free from passion, who is the root and germ of the universe; whose form is perfect being, perfect knowledge, perfect bliss; in whom all difference has vanished! By ignorance of Him this universe appears real; by knowledge its unreality becomes apparent. Salutation to Him whose body is great bliss, to Him

who is the great Soul! By ignorance of Him the universe appears to exist. With knowledge it vanishes. Salutation to Him who is the essence of all knowledge!

The belief of embodied beings is that the soul is the body, etc. This is ignorance, and the bond of the soul is made by it. When that ignorance disappears salvation is reached. Because the soul is eternally free, there is neither bond nor salvation for it. We now proceed to describe the rule (belief) of life of all great ascetics. By the word "Sat" we mean the Brahman of attributes, originating in Avidya (ignorance). From Brahman proceeds original matter (Prakriti); from original matter the Jiva; from the Jiva self-consciousness; from self-consciousness the five subtle elements; from the five subtle elements the five gross elements; from the five gross elements the whole universe. Each one of the gross elements is divided into two parts, and five of these half parts into four each.

Panchikarana (division into five) is thus obtained by the union of one each of these fourths with the original undivided halves. The nature of Maya is briefly explained by means of false attribution and the contradiction of the untrue. Om, as Virat, is the spirit of the gross elements and the things made from them. Its body is the gross body. Jagrat (the waking state) is the perception of objects by the senses of self. Visva is the spirit comprising these two. The union of the three (Virat, Jagrat, and Visva) is the letter A. The five undivided halves and things made from them, the five subtle elements, the ten senses, mind, intellect—seventeen in number—characterize subtle matter, and its spirit is called Hiranyagarbha.

Its body is the subtle body. When the instruments of the soul are withdrawn we have the svapna (sleeping) state in every body, which is the past impressions of the Jagrat stage. Taijasa is the spirit comprising these two. The three together (Hiranyagarbha, Svapna, and Taijasa) form the letter U. Om is the cause of two bodies (gross and subtle). Ahankara is ignorance, and the appearance of the ignorance of self.

He is being and non-being, not non-being; neither being nor non-being; he is neither separate nor unseparate; he is neither with nor without limbs, nor both, but he is pure Brahman, and from him comes the knowledge that all is one soul only. He is above all; and knowing this sushupti (deep sleep) is the state of self which is the cause for knowing that the instruments of knowl-

edge have been withdrawn. Prajna is the spirit comprising these two. The three together (Iswara, Susnupti, and Prajna) form the letter M—Om. A is U, U is M, and M is Om. I am Om. I am the soul, the only one, the witness. I am pure thought; there is no ignorance in me, nor any production of ignorance. I am eternal, pure, knowing, free, true; that great bliss which is without end, without a second, the separate one, the highest Brahman. This is Samadhi, which is the meditation on non-separation (of Brahman and self), through such Vedic texts as: "That thou art," "I am Brahman," "Brahman, who is knowledge and bliss," "Brahman is truth, knowing and eternal," "Brahman, one only, without a second," "this whole world is soul," and "this whole world is Brahman."

One should always think that that self which is the Pranava, the light which is placed in the heart, which is pure knowledge and deathless, is "I." That knowledge whose body is the manifested world is known as Jiva. That knowledge whose body is the Karana Sarira is known as the auspicious one (the Iswara). One should also recognize that He also is the auspicious one (the highest Brahman), who is both Jiva and Iswara. He is the underlying meaning of both. He is indivisible, one only, bliss and knowledge. Setting aside the two upadhis, the manifested world and the karana Sarira, he becomes that pure Brahman. He is Jiva when he has this world for upadhi; he is Iswara when he has the karana Sarira for upadhi. Without either he is complete knowledge. I am undecaying, I am eternal, I am Govinda. I am Hari. I am pure bliss. I am the whole. I am that which is to be worshipped. I am deathless. I am eternal. I am without stain, pure being, pure thought, pure bliss. I am always complete.

This is the Veda-Vedanta-Sara, composed by Sri Shankara Acharya, sage and ascetic.

If we can prove that thought produces the motion of one atom or molecule of matter, as in the case of light and heat, then we have as scientific a solution of the law of telepathy or the transference of idea as in the case of heat-waves that flood the universe. —*Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College.*

Our actual information or knowledge of disease does not increase in proportion to our experimental practice. Every dose of medicine given is a blind experiment upon the vitality of the patient.—*Dr. Bostick, author of "A History of Medicine."*

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter says in his "Physiology": "It is quite certain that an apparent cessation of all the vital functions may take place without that entire loss of vitality which would leave the organism in the condition of a dead body, liable to be speedily disintegrated by the operation of chemical and physical agencies." It is also apparently a fact that such "apparent cessation of all the vital functions" may continue for an indefinite period when the right conditions exist. The best known illustration of this is the case of the Fakir of Lahore, who was buried for six weeks, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, as attested by Sir Claude Wade, the British Resident at the Court of Loodhiana, in 1837. In this thoroughly authenticated case—which, however, is but one of a class of similar facts known to Anglo-Indians and travellers—the Fakir was first put into a linen bag, the bag was placed in a wooden box, fastened with a padlock, the wooden box was deposited in a cell in the middle of a square brick vault, every aperture of which but one was bricked up, while the remaining door was built up with mud above the lock, and fastened with the Rajah's seal. As a final precaution, a company of soldiers was detailed to guard the vault day and night, four sentries constantly patrolling its four sides during the whole period. When, at the expiration of six weeks, the vault and the box were successively opened, and Sir Claude Wade, with Runjeet Singh, had entered the building, and taken their places close to the body, so as to see everything, this is what appeared before them: "The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure; but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so; and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed, as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

"The servant then recommenced bathing him with hot water, gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake, about an inch thick, on the top of the head—a service which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and, while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right —in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head, his body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fulness; but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the Fakir, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, 'Do you believe me now?' Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakir with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of muslin and silk, and shawls, forming what is called a khelat, such as is usually conferred by the Princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed: and in another half hour the Fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed."

This case, so circumstantially narrated and so strongly authenticated, does not stand alone. Another case is recorded by Lieutenant Boileau, in which a man had been buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry and covered with large slabs of stone, and strictly guarded; and the subject told Lieutenant Boileau that he was ready to submit to an interment of twelve-

months' duration, if desired. In all these cases the appearance of the body when disinterred is described as being quite corpse-like, and no pulsation could be detected at the head or at the arteries. It may well be asked, in view of such possibilities of suspended animation, how physicians can be positive that death has occurred in cases of catalepsy or trance by any other indication than that of decomposition. Dr. Carpenter asserts that "a large proportion" of "the signs commonly relied upon by which real is certainly distinguishable from appearent death" are "fallacious," and he concludes that "the most satisfactory proof" of death "is given by the occurrence of putrefaction." "No reliance," he says, "is to be placed upon the apparent cessation of the heart's action and of the respiratory movements; since the reduction of these to so low a condition that they are no longer distinguishable is by no means incompatible with the persistence of vitality. In short, it is by no means so easy to demonstrate the occurrence of death as is commonly supposed, and it follows that in all cases where there is special reason for doubt—as where the patient is known to have been subject to cataleptic seizures—the greatest possible care should be exercised, and, as the surest precaution, the longest time possible should be allowed to elapse before autopsy or interment be permitted.

The conditions under which death may be closely simulated are so little understood, and the rationale of suspended animation is so emphatically a sealed book to medical science at present, that hasty action in such cases can never be justifiable. Probably nine out of ten physicians would have pronounced Colonel Townsend and the Fakir of Lahore to be dead; yet they were both very thoroughly alive, as the event proved. Considering how very little is known of either life or death, scientifically speaking, there can hardly be an excess of caution in dealing with cases in which the least room for doubt exists.

—"*Medicus*," *in the New York Tribune.*

I NEVER knew a man past forty who retired from business or the professions, in order, as he said, to enjoy life, who lived over three or four years. Idleness, lack of familiar occupation, want of interest in the active affairs of the world and introspection make such a man dyspeptic, then hypochondriac, then the victim of patent medicines, then a subject for the undertaker.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

"You want to know how to keep cool and healthy this warm weather, do you?" said Dr. W. A. Hammond, the famous physician, with a pleasant smile as he stood in the lobby of his magnificent sanitarium at Mount Pleasant.

"Well, come in," and the reporter was ushered into a neat and handsome room, where the celebrated practitioner, wearing a thin, black alpaca coat, took one seat and motioned his visitor to another. The blinds were closely drawn, and the sun's rays, scorching everything that came within its reach outside, failed to penetrate the apartments. "To return to your question," began the Doctor, "first of all, I should say, keep calm. Keep the mind perfectly tranquil. Nothing heats a man up quicker than getting excited or worried. Business cares and troubles should be laid aside as far as is possible if a man desires comfort and freedom from heat. Look at me," he continued. "A few minutes ago I was much warmer than I am at present. I had business to look after. Now I am calm and tranquil and my mind is more at ease. I am cooler" (he certainly looked so) "than I was, solely on that account, as there has been no change whatever in the temperature. The mind and the body, you see, are very closely connected. What affects one affects the other."

—*New York Evening Telegram.*

THE TEACHING OF PLOTINUS.

Plotinus, born in Egypt A.D. 205, was a disciple of Ammonius Saccas, who founded a school of Neo-Platonists in Alexandria. The following is an extract from a letter of Plotinus to his student Flaccus:

"It would be monstrous to believe for a moment that the mind was unable to perceive ideal Truth exactly as it is, and that we had no certainty, no real knowledge, concerning the world of intelligence. It follows, therefore, that this region of Truth is not to be investigated as a thing outward to us, and so only imperfectly known. It is within us. Hence the objects we contemplate and that which contemplates are identical; both are thought.

"The subject cannot surely know an object different from itself. The world of ideas lies within our intelligence. Truth is therefore not the agreement of our apprehension of an external object with the object itself. It is the agreement of the mind with itself. Consciousness, therefore, is the sole basis of certainty. The mind is its own witness.

"The wise man recognizes the idea of God within him. This he develops by withdrawing into the holy place of his own soul. He who does not understand how the soul contains the beautiful within itself seeks to realize the beauty without by laborious production. His aim should rather be to concentrate and simplify, and so to expand his being. Instead of going out into the manifold, he should forsake it for the One, and so float upward toward the divine fount of being whose stream flows within him.

"You ask, How can we know the Infinite? I answer, Not by reason. It is the office of reason to distinguish and define. The Infinite cannot, therefore, be ranked among its objects. You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are no longer your finite self, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you. This is ecstasy. It is the liberation of your mind from its finite anxieties. Like can only apprehend like. When you thus cease to be finite, you become one with the Infinite. In the reduction of your soul to its simplest self, its divine essence, you realize this union, nay, this identity."

If students of Truth, while contemplating, would use the affirmation: "I am infinite and infallible being of unlimited possibilities," they would more rapidly advance to self-consciousness and thus establish unity with the Absolute.

JOHN T. ROBERTS.

ALL medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce the disease. Drugs do not cure disease. Digitalis has hurried thousands to the grave. Prussic acid was once extensively used in the treatment of consumption, both in Europe and America, but its reputation is lost. Thousands of patients were treated with it, but not a case was benefited.—*Professor Joseph M. Smith, M.D.*

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PROFESSOR GATES'S DISCOVERIES.

The continuation of Mr. Manson's interesting interview with Professor Elmer Gates appears in this issue of The Metaphysical Magazine. Part I., in the July number, has attracted wide attention in scientific circles and is arousing the interest of the medical fraternity to a marked degree. Even those who hold that thought is a physical process of material origin —that it is the brain that thinks—are inclined to trace most bodily disturbances to this centre of cerebral activity. Among such people the results of these scientific researches will have a most important educational value, and Professor Gates is doing much toward bridging the chasm that has existed between the respective stand-points of the psychologist and the materialist. The doctrines of the latter are being gradually undermined by modern discoveries in the psychic field, and the labors of Professor Gates fully justify his welcome as a valued auxiliary by those engaged in demonstrating a spiritual reality lying back of the transitory phenomena of matter. Even he admits that his conclusions regarding the mind are by no means a finality. In this he displays logic; for these experiments lead inevitably to the postulate of a pre-existent, self-conscious entity which is the real developer of the mind and its different faculties, and the adapter of the convolutions of the brain to its own specific uses.

The physical changes herein found to proceed from the indulgence of certain emotions are strictly in line with the metaphysical doctrine of the natural power of the mind over the body, and such experiments cannot fail to affect the world of material science in a way that will contribute largely to the betterment of mankind.

OLD AND NEW PHRENOLOGY.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 13, 1896.

EDITOR THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—On page 4 of the July number of The Metaphysical Magazine, the inadvertency and too great brevity of the reporter have made me criticise phrenology in a way that does not correctly represent my attitude toward a domain of research which promises some day to become a science.

In speaking of phrenology I meant the "old" phrenology, not the new; and what I desired the reporter to say was that "the old phrenology had the strange misfortune of incorrectly locating a great many of the functions of the brain, and also of assigning locations to functions and supposed faculties that do not exist in any definitely localized areas." The higher faculties are complex combinations of mental integrants of simpler forms, which simpler memory-structures are distributed all over the brain-surface and not confined to any one locality. Thus, when I relate the concept of "orange" with the concept of "nutritious," into the idea that "oranges are nutritious," I am exercising more than one locality of the brain. For example, the above idea requires the activity of the color-areas in the back part of the cerebral cortex, of the taste-areas at the base of the cerebrum, of the smell-areas in another part of the base of the cerebrum, of the touch-areas in still another part of the cerebrum, of the speech-motor areas in still another, etc. In like manner the "faculties" named by the old phrenologists "spirituality," "logic," "inventiveness," etc., are exceedingly complex combinations of functions widely scattered, not merely over all areas of the cerebrum, but diversely through the different areas of the six or eight cell-layers of the cortex.

It would have been more accurate also if the reporter had made me say that "the true position of the color-memories is in the cortex of the back part of the cerebrum, in the region of the cuneus," instead of that of "sight." The old phrenologists located color in the region of the forehead, near the outer angle of the eyebrow and a little above it. Modern physiologists and physiological psychologists have positively demonstrated that the color-memories are located in the cerebral cortex at the back of the head, nearly opposite the location assigned by the old phrenologists. Sight is a complex combination of the memory-structures in this area, with other kinds of memory-structures in several other areas.

The old phrenologists assigned a definite location in the forehead to a faculty called "memory." Now, no fact of modern physiology or of psychology has been more clearly established than the fact that there is not a faculty of memory located in any one small area of the brain, but that every area of the brain-cortex has its own memories. Every functioning structure and every conscious experience that can be remembered exists as a memory-structure. In the region of the cuneus, in the back

part of the head, are the color-memories; and if that part becomes destroyed by disease those memories are also destroyed; in the first temporal lobes above the ears are the sound-memories; in the region of the "fissure of Rolando" are the muscular motor-memories; and so on. Memories (plural) are in every part of the brain-cortex, and it is not true that memory (singular) has one definite location. I refer to the "Physiology" of Landois and Stirling, to Ladd's "Physiological Psychology," to Foster's "Physiology," to the writings of Ferrier, Munk, Monakow, etc., as well as to my own researches, for abundant proof of these statements, and to modern medical, physiological, and psychological literature in general.

But I do not therefore decry phrenology. These discoveries teach how to improve upon the old art of character-reading, to avoid its mistakes, and to take advantage of the newly discovered truths. Every mental characteristic finds expression in form and feature throughout the whole domain of animal life. Even recent emotional experiences are graphically depicted in the physiognomy, and when such experiences are long continued the "phrenological" features are also affected. There is, therefore, a sound scientific basis for character-reading. The art in the hands of good practitioners, even despite the errors to which I have called attention, has enabled them to make readings of character which could not have been the result of guesswork, and their percentage of correct delineations has been far greater than their mistakes. A more accurate knowledge of functional localization in the brain and the discovery of errors in the old phrenology will not injure the art of character-reading, but rather raise it to the level of a scientific art.

Very truly yours,

ELMER GATES.

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LAW AND DUTY.

As I sat looking toward the dim and mysterious East, and listening to the infinite murmurings and whisperings of the night, which seemed to me like soft living voices full of the same religious meaning, I derived my highest consolation as an artist, and I also felt the duty of bearing witness to the infinite truth of the divine light which I had received. I have borne my testimony. No living germ dare say: "I shall not give my blade of grass; I shall not bear my testimony of life because I am neither a palm-tree nor a rose, because I shall only live through one season." There is a law and a duty for the blade of grass as well as for the rose and the palm-tree, and it is to bear their witness of life; there is a law and a duty for humble intellects as well as for the more powerful, and it is to bear witness to the truth; and all which obeys law, all which fulfills duty, rises to dignity by virtue of this very fact.

—*Antonio Fogazzaro, in The Contemporary Review.*

A BUDDHISTIC DISCOVERY.

Dr. Fuhrer, archaeological surveyor in the northwestern provinces of India, has made a discovery which seems to carry the origin of Buddhism much farther back than the accepted date, in the fifth century before Christ. In the village of Nijlva, in swamps within the borders of the State of Nepal, he found an Asoka pillar surrounded for half a mile by vast brick ruins of monasteries and of a still magnificent domed tomb of Kanakamana. The portion of the pillar which is still erect has an inscription establishing the fact that the Buddha commemorated is the same as the Kanakamana of the Buddhists of Ceylon, who was the twenty-third mythical predecessor of the historical Buddha. The Nepalese speak of the pillar as the smoking pipe of Bhima Sen. The native durbar, or council, is to be asked to sanction a scientific investigation of the ruins of this once great settlement of the Aryan tribe of Sakyas, who settled one hundred and twelve miles to the northeast of the city of Benares at a date hitherto only conjectural. General Cunningham, who, under Lord Canning, began the archaeological survey of India, long ago identified Kapilavastu, in this region, as the birthplace of the historical Gautama, and the capital of the Sakya clan. It is in the sub-Himalayan district now called Basti, and must have extended northward into Nepal, which is still second in sacredness only to Benares.

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

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THE TRUE OPTIMISM.

John G. Whittier was still young at eighty-two. Time dealt with him gently, and expanded rather than constricted the warm and generous hopefulness of a nature that was always hospitable.

Two verses in one poem are rich in moral impulse. The first runs:

> No longer forward nor behind
> I look in hope or fear,
> But, grateful, take the good I find,
> The best of Now and Here.

That is the optimism of a well-balanced mind. The second verse, which seems to indicate the logical result of the first, runs thus:

> And so the shadows fall apart,
> And so the west winds play;
> And all the windows of my heart
> I open to the day.

Whittier, bending under the weight of fourscore years, puts to shame the repining and whining which characterize so much of our modern poetry.

—*Exchange.*

The universe is not a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. It is the poem of an infinite imagination, signifying immortality.

—*Wieland.*

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TRUE MAJESTY.

True majesty is Self-poised man—
There is no higher thing.
Man has lived all, has made the span
From molecule to king.

So live for that thou art to-day;
Thy thought blooms every hour.
Thy spirit knows no truer way
Than free thought's full-blown flower.

Self is thy stronghold; stand for Self—
'Tis the noblest attitude.
The universe of love and wealth
Cannot thy claim elude.

Hold high, hold strong, have faith that moves
The mountains, sails the air.
Be fearless, for thy love behooves
To more than priest or prayer.

Be thine own prayer; be thine own priest;
Permit no man to say
In what thy soul finds flow or feast,
Or what thy joyful way.

Stand thou for Truth, with Love beside;
Then in thy radiant Soul,
Naught of ill can thee betide
Or turn thee from thy goal.

All, all is thine, O prescient man!
No link in all life's chain
But leads thee to the utmost span,
Far-reaching to remain.

The Source, the wordless All-in-all,
Which fills man, will conspire
To cast Himself into the thrall
With His celestial fire.

—*Annie F. Cantwell.*

A CHILD'S WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Baby Ethel Carroll, of Oklahoma, is a human phonograph. At her age—for she is only four years old—much that she hears no doubt is quite unintelligible to her. She simply repeats everything from memory, without knowing aught of the sense of her words. At the Hotel Crellin, where she lives with her parents, she is the idol and wonder of all who know her, for she is as pretty as she is clever. The first time that the child showed her phenomenal gift was at the age of eleven months. At that time she was taken to see one of Hoyt's plays at the Macdonough Theatre. Upon returning to her home she surprised every one by repeating, word for word, one of the popular songs.

From that time until now little Ethel has been a regular playgoer. Now, at the age of four, her memory has developed so remarkably that it is a common thing for her after seeing a new play to sing, without a mistake or the least sign of hesitation, song after song that she had never heard before. She can also repeat the lines of the play with wonderful correctness. The child has a retentive memory for names and dates. In spite of the fact that large numbers of people see her daily, drawn by curiosity, she never forgets the name of any one who is introduced to her, and can tell even the exact day when she first met them, though it may be months after.

Recently her wonderful memory was put to a severe test at a concert recital in Oakland. After the performance she was asked if she remembered a certain recitation on the programme, remarkable alike for its length and peculiar phrasing. She had never heard it before, but with a confident smile and a certain enchanting carelessness of manner she recited the entire piece without a break.

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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GEMS FROM HERACLITUS.

Let us be silent, so that we may hear the whisper of Divinity.

When we walk toward the sun of Truth, the shadows are behind us.

Listen to him who is willing to be instructed by others.

Not for himself, but for all others, shall one believe himself to exist.

A mystery is knowledge sent to one who cannot comprehend it.

In no way can the truths of God reach man except through the spirit within man.

* * *

Without spiritual insight there is no real science, but rather a scientific eclipse. Even our acts, when directed by considerations derived from such science, lead to ill results.

—*Wieland.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

ETIDORHPA; or, The End of Earth. By John Uri Lloyd. 362 pp. Cloth, $2.00. The Robert Clarke Company, publishers, Cincinnati.

This strange work, bearing the name of the Paphian goddess (as read in Arabic style), may be described as unique, bizarre, and yet profound in philosophic suggestion. A reader conversant with such writers as Goethe, Swedenborg, and John Bunyan will be perfectly at home with it, and Lord Bulwer-Lytton would have perused it with unalloyed delight. Many of its concepts are thrilling, weird, and suggestive of Jules Verne in fanciful speculation. As in "Zanoni," the author professes to have received his manuscript from an unknown person versed in occult and mystic matters. Accepting the Brahmanic dogma: "Matter is an illusion; spirit is the reality," the author evolves a thoroughly metaphysical philosophy; and, barring some minor incongruities, the book is a most important addition to this class of literature. "Etidorhpa" is deeply significant of the trend of popular thought, and is said to be already meeting with a very large sale.

SCIENCE OF THE SOUL. By Loren Albert Sherman. 414 pp. Cloth, $1.50. The Sherman Company, publishers, Port Huron, Mich.

This is another "scientific demonstration" of the future life. Such works seem to be increasing in number if not in acceptance, which may be accounted for by the great variety of stand-points afforded by the realm of pure speculation. Like T. J. Hudson's book, reviewed in our last issue, this work is based chiefly upon the phenomena of spiritism, though the author accepts as genuine what Mr. Hudson regards as illusory. Mr. Sherman writes upon a wide diversity of subjects, which is a rather weak feature of his book, as the treatment of some of the questions gives plain evidence of limited knowledge. For example, he asks, "Why is it any more necessary that the soul should be reincarnated, to enable it to progress, than that the physical body should be reproduced?" Even a primary pupil in psychology should be able to answer that souls are immortal, while bodies are not; but on psychic matters with which the author is familiar he writes both interestingly and instructively. His book will doubtless meet with success.

ADVANTAGES OF CHASTITY. By Dr. M. L. Holbrook. 120 pp. Cloth, $1.00. M. L. Holbrook & Co., publishers, New York.

The growing frequency of such books as this is a most encouraging sign of the times. The physical, intellectual, and moral advantages of a chaste life are becoming more and more widely recognized by thoughtful people, and the importance of purity of thought and speech in all walks of human life is no longer regarded as a platitude. It is seen to be a factor of vital significance in the progress of human affairs, and this fact is clearly set forth in Dr. Holbrook's little book, which is equally adapted to human needs both in and out of wedlock. The author properly employs the word "chastity" as a synonym for purity and cleanliness, presenting a practical, common-sense view of the subject which deserves a wide circulation.

PRACTICAL HEALING FOR MIND AND BODY. By Jane W. Yarnall. 316 pp. Cloth, $2.00. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., publishers, Chicago.

The sub-title of this work describes it as "a complete treatise on the principles and practice of healing by a knowledge of divine law." We have received a copy of the fourth edition, revised, and are pleased to note its evident success. Rational works on mental healing are becoming increasingly popular among classes to whom the idea was formerly almost repugnant. The medical profession, the clergy, and even scientists of pronounced materialistic training and affiliations are turning their attention to the new thought with an avidity born of enforced observation of every-day facts in the realm of metaphysics. The efficacy of mind cure is a matter of continuous demonstration; hence, thinking minds are everywhere enlisted in an examination of its claims. To such investigators the present volume may be heartily commended, not only for its candid and logical presentation of the ethics of mental healing, but for its marshaling of facts of practical utility in the treatment and cure of disease.

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GREENACRE BRANCH.

The Metaphysical Publishing Company has opened the "Wayside Bookstore" as a branch of its business at Greenacre, Eliot, Me. The store is situated midway between the Inn and the cottages, where a full line of occult and metaphysical works will be kept on sale during the session of the Conference. Subscriptions may be entered for The Metaphysical Magazine and other periodicals. The store is under the supervision of Mr. Harry Gestefeld, who will be pleased to receive a visit from friends and former patrons.